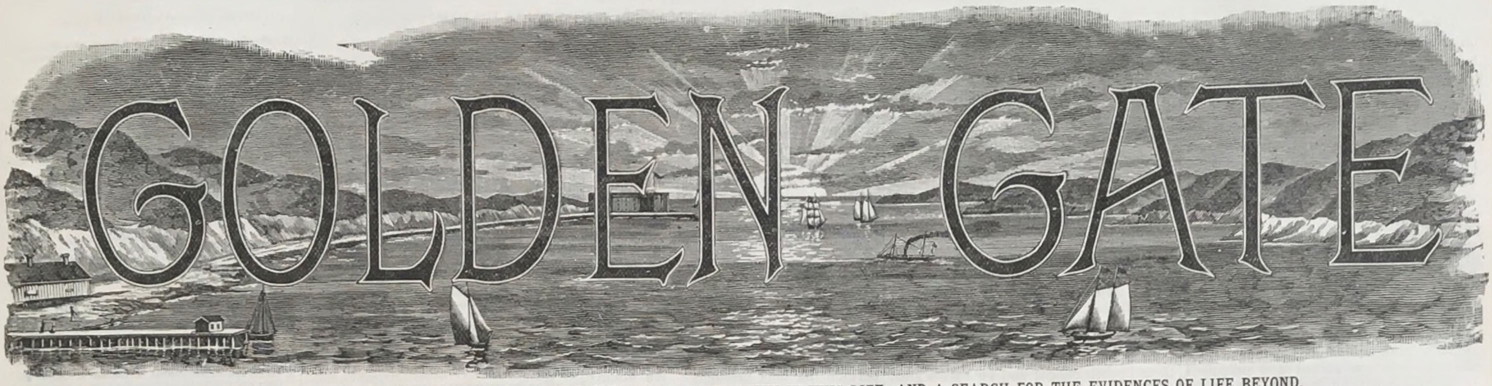


A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

VOL. IX. | J. J. OWEN, EDITOR AND MANAGER, Flood Building, Market Street. | SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1889. | TERMS (In Advance): $2.50 per annum; $1.25 for six months. | NO. 20.

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Good consciences breed good resolutions.

A little force will break that which was cracked before.—*Ovid.*

Virtue is appreciated for the pleasure it produces.—*Epicurus.*

It is very easy to be a fool. One can be a fool and not know it.

The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness.—*Montaigne.*

Mortune's favorites are the men whose thoughts make way for their actions.

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy.
—*Pope.*

Borrowing is the canker and the death of every man's estate.—*Sir W. Raleigh.*

He who boasts of his lineage boasts of what does not properly belong to him.—*Seneca.*

Wherever the tree of benevolence takes root, it sends forth branches above the sky.—*Sradi.*

Great wealth in our journey through life is only extra baggage, and wants a heap of watching.

Meek souls there are who little deem
Their daily strife an angel's theme.
—*Keble.*

He submits himself to be seen through a microscope who suffers himself to be caught in a passion.

Adversity is the trial of principle. Without it a man hardly knows whether he is honest or not.—*Fielding.*

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well; and doing whatever you do.—*Longfellow.*

Knowledge, economy and labor, are the shining virtues of civilized man. They form the most enduring basis of society and the surest source of national individual welfare.

MRS. LAMADRID'S one cent coffee-stands for the poor of New York are a great success so far as the good they do. She gives excellent food for the money, and is enabled to do this by doing her own marketing and making the best bargains with the dealers. The stands, of which there are six, cost between $2,000 and $3,000 a year. Mrs. Lamadrid says that so far her greatest trouble has been with the men in charge of the stands, who, following the devices of Wall street, water the stock for the sake of selling more coffee and soup.

Beneath me flows the Rhine, and, like the stream of time, it flows amid the ruins of the past. I see myself therein, and know that I am old. Thou, too, shalt be old. Be wise in season. Like the stream of thy life runs the stream beneath us. Down from the distant Alps, out into the wide world, it bursts away, like a youth from the home of his fathers. Broad-breasted and strong, and with earnest endeavors, like manhood, it makes itself a way through these difficult mountain passes. And at length, in old age, it falters, and it sinks into the sand, and passes into the great ocean, which is eternity. Thus shalt it be with thee.—*Longfellow.*

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

WONDERFUL PHENOMENA.

A True History of the Marvelous Manifestations Occurring, in the Year 1874, at the Residence of the Late Thomas G. Clark, Oakland, California.*

BY HELEN J. CLARKE

[An eye-witness and daughter of deceased.]

The least admixture of a lie, for example, the taint of vanity, the least attempt to make a good impression, a favorable appearance, will instantly vitiate the effect. But speak the truth, and all nature and all spirits help you with unexpected furtherance. Speak the truth, and all things alive or brute are vouchers, and the very roots of the grass under ground these do seem to stir and move to bear you witness.—*Emerson.*

Were you ever in Maine on a clear, bright Autumn day? Did you, on such a day leave the strong glowing air, the stretches of blue aster and golden rod, the quiet roads and fluttering leaves outside in the warm sunshine, while quite alone you trod with delight over the crisp, brown leaves underneath high trees in the fresh woods? The blue sky far above the tangled branches, the soft green moss, crimson leaves, birch bark and fern, weaving a poem of unwritten color and fragrance about you, and after a time, you have come out into the bright day bringing in your hands glossy green sprays with red checker-berry clinging to them. It is with somewhat the same sensation that I begin this article to-day.

It is fifteen years since the incidents I am about to relate occurred, but from the bulk of exact testimony I will collect the fresh, bright truth and place it before you clearly.

In the spring of 1874, our family was living in a small, light-built cottage in Oakland, California. There was no cellar underneath this house, and no place about the premises to permit the concealment or laying of any kind of machinery or electric contrivances. The walls were so thin, and the house so cheaply built that it was difficult to raise a window, close a door, or walk from room to room without being overheard in other parts of the house. The dimensions of the house were about twenty by thirty, with two one-story L's, the main part being one and a half story. Up-stairs, were four small bed-rooms and hall; parlor, dining-room, sleeping-room, kitchen, laundry and servant's room on the ground floor. As will be observed these dimensions so divided made any superfluous room for concealment of persons or things quite impossible. Every available space was occupied at this time, as we had a family of eight, and a servant. This cottage was located in a quarter block of perfectly level land, laid out in lawn, and beds of roses and small plants. It was fenced with a low picket fence on the two sides next the street, and a low close board fence on the other two sides. No high vines or trees obstructed the view from any direction. The neighborhood was well settled with fine, well-kept private residences.

On the night of April 23d, 1874, our family had been quietly at home, with the exception of two gentlemen who had been spending the evening at a neighbor's. It was about eleven o'clock; I had been asleep in my room up-stairs, when I heard some one talking outside in the hall. My father was talking with these gentlemen about a bell, and boys. I had heard no bell, but supposed some boys must have been ringing the front door bell; it was a gong-bell hung in the center of the door.

I lighted my lamp and dressed myself. As I went out of my room into the hall, the two gentlemen were standing in the hall near their own doors. I passed along talking with them about the ringing of the bell. The staircase was straight and narrow, built against the outside wall of the house, a light railing along the narrow strip of space above, extending down on one side of the steps, and finished in the lower hall with a newel post. I was half or three quarters way down this stair when I turned and said, "I am going down to see what is coming next." Instantly I was conscious of something happening but did not know what or how. There was no time to think; I was looking up towards my friends. Mr. G—— had a lighted lamp in his hand. I distinctly remember seeing them both at the instant, one of them said, "Look out Nellie." I put both hands to my head conscious of danger, rushed down the stairs, and as I turned at the newel post into the narrow side hall, a large ordinary market basket filled with heavy pieces of solid silver service, forks, spoons, knives, and odd pieces of silver, struck the floor with great force, scattering the contents in every direction. This basket had been standing for several days firmly on the top of a chest of drawers built into the house. This case of drawers was up-stairs at the extreme end of the narrow space, parallel with the stair-case. So it was above my head, and behind me, and directly opposite, and fifteen or twenty feet distance from the place where the two gentlemen stood at that moment. In the testimony it says, "It (the basket) seemed to be suspended in the air and then shot violently down over Miss Clark's head and landed in the corner below." Another witness testifies, "It (the basket) seemed to lift itself right up and went like a catapult, and I hallooed 'Look out, Nellie,' but before the words were out of my mouth, I think it struck." It seemed to take an angular motion. There was no falling about it. I saw the inception of the whole thing. I saw it start, but did not know what it was until it struck; it came with awful velocity." A traveling bag which had lain on the top of this basket fell on the floor down-stairs at the same time. This was instantaneous, as was the movement of every article, which occurred this and the two following nights. Nothing in the house was injured, and nobody was hurt.

We picked up the silver carefully, and went into the dining-room, talking about the ringing of the bell and of this falling of the basket. It seems that my father and my mother in their room down stairs, and the two gentlemen who were up stairs had each heard a bell ring at three different times. First with one very distinct staccato note, second twice, and the third time three very clear, distinct tones, or rings.

My father came from his room each separate time thinking it was the front door bell. The first time he thought Mr. —— had not come in, he opened the front door wide and looked out, seeing no one there he thought that he must have been mistaken, and went back to bed. The second time it rang, a few minutes after, he went quickly to the door, thinking that some boys must be ringing it for a joke. He opened the door wide and looked out into the yard, and up and down the street, to see if there were any boys outside. It was a beautiful, clear, still, moonlight night, but he saw and heard nothing. The third time he did the same thing with the same result, then father spoke to Mr. G—— up stairs asking if he was winding his clock—the answer was "No; who rang that bell?" and he replied "That's just what I'm looking for." Then Mr. G—— and Mr. R—— came down stairs and they looked all about the house outside and in to see if they could find any boys about, and found nothing. The lamp was lighted down stairs, and there were lamps up stairs. After the ringing of the bell, there were very heavy jarring sounds. My father testifies: "It was like the moving of heavy furniture." It seemed to be in the dining room; the three gentleman heard this noise as they were all awake and up. In one of the gentleman's rooms, about this time, while the three were there, a chair rose up, and hit one of them quite sharply on the elbow, and then lay on the bed. A watch which had been in a vest pocket was found on a chair under a towel. While they were talking down stairs, one of the gentlemen thought some one struck him on the shoulder, with a chair; the room was not totally dark, as it was so bright out of doors, and the light came in at the bay window which had only light shades, instead of blinds. All the windows were locked; he was standing just outside the parlor door in the hall; father instantly brought a light; there was no one in the room, but a small chair was standing in the middle of the floor, and a shawl lying folded in it. This chair had been in its usual place by the wall the evening previous. In his testimony my father testifies, "I put the chair back in its place by the wall, and put the shawl back in the chair just as I found it." Soon after this there was a tremendous crash, exactly as when men unload long sheets of sheet iron and throw them down violently. On looking in the different rooms, the only article out of its accustomed place was the blower taken from the fire-place in the parlor, lying *on its face* in the middle of the parlor, floor. No draught of air, could have removed this blower, and placed it in this position.

Everyone in the house was now awake, and had heard this last noise and the basket of silver when it struck the floor in the hall. My father, Mr. G—— and R—— and myself were in the dining room; several lamps were in the room. My mother was awake in her room, (an L opening into the dining room,) two ladies were awake in one of the rooms upstairs. We all heard a crash in the front hall, and going out, found a wooden box, 15x15 in. and 6 inches high, which had been filled with coal, upset with its contents on the floor at the foot of the stairs. Some of the coal was scattered piece by piece on the different stairs and there was a black mark on the wall about half way down where a piece had struck. This box of coal was found to weigh about twenty pounds; it had been standing on the floor up stairs, on the narrow space between the railing and the wall. This same night when four different witnesses were in the dining room there being several lamps burning in the room, at the time, and the occupants in different positions at the different times; heavy oak chairs from entirely different parts of the room, and different chairs, were raised two and three feet from the floor, whirled or spun around, and then came down perfectly still, on all four legs, or else raised up, and then put over on the face or side. The motion was rapid as a flash of lightning, but the chair was solid and still immediately after, and firm in whatever position it was left. One of these heavy oak chairs was raised in this way and while suspended two or three feet in the air, it shot accross the room a distance of ten or twelve feet, and set down square on four feet. When about the centre of the room this chair was turned in a complete revolution and then continued in its course in a direct line. In every instance of this demonstration, which continued for three successive nights, the movement was instantaneous. The articles whether heavy or light went with tremendous velocity, without the slightest premonition preceding it, and not the least perceptable motion after it.

In no single case was an article left carelessly to indicate its having fallen or been thrown down. There were twenty different witnesses examined separately at the time, and the testimony taken by a shorthand reporter has never been molested. Every demonstration is very minutely described by the different persons who were in the house at the time it occurred. A very large upholstered chair in this same room was lifted up in the same way as those others are described. This same night the entire cottage was shaken at one time—the motion being unlike an earthquake, and the noise accompanying it made us think there must be some one outside jumping on a tin roof. We went to see, but there was nothing there. It was after this that my father called for me to come down stairs. I found the three gentlemen and my mother in the parlor. The windows were closed and bolted, the front door was bolted, three chairs and the blower were lying out on the floor. The small chair previously mentioned, was lying on the side and the heavy woolen shawl which had been in it, was spread over it. I tried afterwards to drape this shawl in exactly the same position, and it required skill to keep it in place. An empty glass had been taken from one side of the long table in the dining-room and turned the other side up on the other end. One of the oak chairs was turned face downwards on this table, and another laid on its side on the floor.

About this time, then, near two o'clock A. M., my father and mother awoke, and with a light burning in their bed-room, heard as it seemed to them, "a little tapping sound, a soft, continuous sound"—and soon after, say twenty minutes after, we had all retired to our rooms, there came a loud crash which startled every member of the household onto his feet. The front door had been bolted twenty minutes before this sound was heard; as we went into the halls, some from up stairs, some from down stairs, because the sound came from that direction, we saw the front door resting against the newel-post facing the street. Our astonishment was felt rather than expressed. Even now as I recall, looking out into the moonlight night through that open door, I am silent. This door was an ordinary sized door, and it was so hung that it was absolutely necessary to open it wide to lift it from the hinges, and at right angles with the position it was in now. The bolt which did not slip with ease was *out*, and it must have been *pushed* out by *some* intelligence. Every one in the house was awake at that hour, and there had not been the slightest noise of any one's walking about the house. Notwithstanding the tremendous noise accompanying this phenomenon, the door was perfectly *uninjured*. The gentlemen replaced the door, bolted it and the house was quiet the remainder of the night. The furniture in the parlor had been left undisturbed, but when I looked in in the morning, an upholstered chair had been laid on its back and placed in it was a miniature iron safe weighing seven pounds, which had been on the bookcase in the room.

A pair of kid gloves which had been on the table the evening before, were lying side by side on the floor. A magazine was standing upright on the floor, the leaves spread out, as it could not have fallen or been thrown. The large upholstered sofa was turned around and over on its back. There is accurate testimony to prove that these last demonstrations took place after the time when I came down in the A. M., and when Mr. G—— went out of the house.

To be continued.

*NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The evidence of these demonstrations was taken by a committed of three gentlemen. Every witness was examined separately and submitted to the severest cross-questioning. The short-hand reporter's volume reached the amount of 320 pages, and was satisfactory to those sitting as judges. The witnesses were twenty in number, composed of gentlemen holding the highest offices of trust in the community. Notwithstanding the overwhelming proof to the contrary, the committee returned a summary of forty pages not agreeing with the testimony, and this verdict: "We find the evidence insufficient to indicate the action or presence of any supernatural, or of any occult natural agency whatever." Signed, J. K. McLean, Joseph LeCount, W. W. Crane.

Correction.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I was pleased to read "Notes from Summerland" in your last issue except the closing one. Evidently brother Allen has been misinformed. I have not been identified with any opposition scheme in selling lots in Monterey, any more than I should have been in selling lots at Menlo Park, or this city. Neither was I, with the paper alluded to. I had office room *only* in the Free Library, which is related thereto. In justice to the editress of that paper I must say she was importuned weeks before those letters were published to do so by certain of her patrons unfriendly to the GOLDEN GATE. I felt it was not wise, but others urged that it was. We are not free moral agents, but drift with the strongest tide. We should not blame or be blamed; all do the best they can with their make up and environments. When we understand this we will build better by constantly cultivating ourselves so far as we can. MRS. SCOTT BRIGGS.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Fraternity Hall, Oakland.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

The First Association of Progressive Spiritualists, of Oakland, met last Sunday to hold their usual meetings, Dr. Macsorley presiding. The meeting opened with singing; afterwards a poem was read by the President, "The Law of Life," followed by invocation, and song, "The Beautiful Stream." Dr. Dewey was then introduced and held the platform for the entire evening. The medium then gave, under control, instrumental and vocal music, Indian song, "Juanita." The control then gave a number of tests and names, which were mostly recognized. There was a large number present and many received tests. Next Sunday evening Mrs. R. Cowell, of East Oakland, trance test medium, also names given, will be with us and occupy the platform the entire evening.

The ladies of the Association have decided to hold an entertainment and bazar, in aid of the Building Fund, on Friday and Saturday evenings, December 6th and 7th, at Hansen's Hall, corner of Wood and Goss streets, West Oakland. The Beasey sisters will be with us on Friday evening and entertain with music. Also, many other well-known friends have offered their assistance. Dancing and refreshments will be in order. Admission, 25 cents. We invite all to come. We insure them a good evening's enjoyment.

Yours, etc. MRS. DAVIS, Sec'y.

A graceful behavior towards others is a constant source of pleasure; it pleases others beceuse it indicates respect for their personality, and it gives ten-fold more pleasure to ourselves.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

God, Christ, Prayer.

BY LEON M. BOWDOIN.

Occasionally we find among our Spiritualist writers and speakers, those to whom any favorable mention of either of the above subjects is distasteful—not to say, offensive. Why there should be any of that belief so affected, is beyond my comprehension. If there is any sect in all Christendom which should be favorably disposed towards such a trinity, it is the Spiritualists.

Let us consider them separately and their claims on us as Spiritualists to recognition. First as to a belief in God, or a universal spirit.

The "corner stone" of our belief is spirit and phenomena connected with it in a great variety of phases. Spirit is not only the corner stone of our faith but constitutes the *whole* of it. Take that away and what have we left? Nothing.

Then is it not perfectly natural that those living in such an atmosphere of spirit, whose whole belief is comprised in that one word—spirit—should believe in a universal spirit that is everywhere and in everything? And it is called *God* for the same reason that this intangible, unapproachable, boundless, incomprehensible substance that is all over our heads and all around us is called *sky*—because we have no better name for it. It is short, easy to speak, and like the sky composed of three letters, and the adjectives used above will apply with equal force to both—the one being material is a physical counterpart of the other, which is spiritual, rising into the domain of intelligence and design.

What would we say of the person arguing that as we could not approach, feel, or comprehend it that there was no sky, that if we fire a cannon ball into it no mark is left. If we go where it is, it isn't there; consequently, there is no sky."

The prejudice against the idea of God or a universal spirit arises in a great measure from the erroneous conceptions of God which have been handed down to this intelligent age from that era of materialism and idolatry in the long ago which could conceive of no God but a material one—a personal God that had to be located to be comprehended, and our Christian friends must look to their laurels, lest in worshiping this old-time material personal God, and in their anxiety to fight shy of Spiritualism, they will be stranded on the shoals of idolatry and materialism.

The attempt on the part of logical reasoning minds to hunt, locate and embody this universal spirit is what leads to a disbelief in its existence; and when such minds feel like giving up the chase in blank despair, let them for diversion go and *hunt the sky*, and try to put their finger on it and demonstrate that there is no sky before they deny the existence of a God.

CHRIST.

When we come to consider the claims of Christ to be something more than a myth mediumship is projected into the foreground, and if we call *Spirit* the *corner stone* of our faith, *mediumship* must be the keystone, and what more illustrious example of mediumship in all ancient or modern Spiritualism can we find than Jesus of Nazareth as he is portrayed to us in the New Testament? There are but few phases of modern Spiritualism that do not find a prototype in his short life and experience or among the earlier records of the old Testament which prophesied of his coming; and we should be slow to part company with one, who if he is anything, is such a strong ally of the new gospel of spirit communication.

If there is a doubt we should surely give him (and ourselves) the benefit of the doubt.

But there are some able minds among us to whom a belief in Jesus seems like a horrible nightmare—my much-esteemed friend and neighbor, Dr. A. S. Hudson is of this class. (See GOLDEN GATE of Oct. 26th,) and though like Thomas Paine he has no word of condemnation for the teachings attributed to Jesus, but admits that they are of a high order, and that many of the wonderful works recorded in the gospels were done, he thinks the credit belongs to Appolonius of Tyana, but were appropriated by the framers of Christianity and attached to a mythical personage to whom they gave the name Jesus. In this, differing widely from Paine, who says, "That such a personage as Jesus existed, is highly probable; and that he preached most excellent morality and the brotherhood of man, and condemned the corruptions of the priesthood for which he suffered death on the cross, a mode of execution common at that time."

What Paine objected to was the theological Christ—that was made a God of—and his divinity, and having no knowledge of spirit communication he could not believe him to have been inspired, as we with our more recent light most certainly do. Paine was a decided believer in one God, the God of nature, and would not have him supplanted by any other, not even so good a one as he knew Christ to be. Had he lived in our day, Paine would have been a Unitarian Spiritualist.

My friend Hudson with great ability of research has proved to his own entire satisfaction that no such character as Jesus ever lived. No doubt, if equally determined, he could as readily prove that Confucius, Socrates and Julius Caesar, were mythical characters—the creatures of ancient and modern Shakespeares.

He rivets his conclusions by messages from ancient spirits. But we have later news from "across the border."

In *Banner of Light*, Oct. 12th. Questions and answers. "Was there any spiritual influence at work in ushering Jesus into this life? Yes, and I speak by authority because I have seen records in the spirit world concerning this subject. So I say there was a special influence employed at the time Jesus was born. Did he have a special mission? Undoubtedly. I am not of those who do not believe in the mortal existence of the Nazarene, who declare that his life was a myth. To my mind he lived in Judea a human being born of mortal parents, but he came into the world under peculiar conditions. His mother was for a long time previous to the birth of the child overshadowed by spiritual intelligences, she being a highly sensitive individual who could feel the presence of the spirit, and in a measure respond to it. Was there anything miraculous connected with the birth of Jesus? No. What was his mission? To comfort the lowly, strengthen the weak, to give hope and consolation to those that mourned. I believe as do thousands upon thousands in the spirit world—that the Nazarine was simply a human being, tender, pure-minded and loving by nature, highly spiritualized, a sensitive medium especially endowed with those attributes which attracted to him high and pure-minded spirits who felt the need of bringing strength and assistance to the world."

And still later, in a private circle in Stockton, Oct. 28th.—I asked the control (the grandfather of the lady medium,) if there was any possibility that the sayings and doings attributed to Jesus of Nazareth should have been credited to another; or if perchance the correct name of Jesus might have been Appolonius of Tyana. The answer was a little facetious and made me think I "might be" talking to Abraham Lincoln. It said:

"That reminds me of a little joke I used to have. When I lived at a place called Whitehall, Missouri, a stranger came to my place and said, 'Hello, mister, what might your name be?' I told him it might be Dick Turpin, but it was not. So with Jesus. It might have been Appolonius of Tyana, but it wasn't. That there was such a person as Jesus of Nazareth I am assured; and that the time will come when I shall see him." He went on to say in substance about the same as I have quoted from the *Banner of Light*. But suppose for the sake of the argument we admit that it was Appolonius that said and did all the good things attributed to Jesus, it is only a case of mistaken identity, and the old saying, "What's in a name" comes up. The stickler for verbal accuracy might as well argue that there was no such event as the Battle of Bunker Hill and no such thing as Bunker Hill monument, because when the colonial troops were ordered to Bunker Hill they went to Breed's Hill by mistake and there is where the battle was fought and the monument built, taking the name of the hill they were ordered to go to. And what patriot would want to change the name and blot out the one dear to the heart of every American?

Now, I believe that Jesus cares less what we call him than that we follow his precepts and example as set forth in the "Golden Rule" and "Sermon on the Mount," and in his daily life as he went about "doing good;" and on this score my friend Hudson need have no misgivings for himself. But as the name is dear to the most of us, he will please let us continue to call him "Jesus, the gentle Nazarene."

If the gospel accounts were myths and the teachings and records fabrications, we can but admit that they are a fitting adjunct to this later Spiritual dispensation, and that those ancient fabricators "builded better than they knew," when they allowed their imaginations to conjure up such stories as the angel at the well, (Gen. xvi–7); and of Abraham entertaining three angels (Gen. xviii–1); of Lot entertaining two angels (Gen. xix–1); Of Joseph's gift of divining, (Gen. xliv–5 and 15); Moses and the burning bush, (Exodus 3); Balaam and the ass, (Numbers 22); Moses and Elias, (Matt. xvii-3); Samuel as a seer for Saul, telling of the lost asses, (1st Samuel ix); The Witch of Endor—(if she was a witch, give us more such)--Sam. xxviii); Of Jeroboam and Abijah, (Ist Kings) and not excepting a lying medium, deceiving one of his own craft (Kings xiii–18); also of slate writing as at Belshazzar's feast, (Daniel v–5); of materialization, as in the appearance of Jesus to Mary after his crucifixion, (John xx–14); His appearance among his disciples with doors closed (John xx–19); Gideon and the angel (Judges vi); Manoah's wife and the angel (Judges xiii); of healing as recorded in many cases of Jesus. Now we should consider well before casting away such a powerful auxiliary to the cause of modern Spiritualism as we find in this whole chain of evidence of early times.

If these things did not take place and these persons did not live in that former dispensation, we can only say there should have been just such events and persons then to have prepared the way for what is now coming.

All these myths and fabrications (?) were needed as a fitting prelude to the grand and glorious spiritual harmonies that are now resounding throughout the universe; and this dispensation of modern Spiritualism (leaving out the vast amount of fraud and "doctrines of devils") is needed as much by the Christian system to complete the picture shadowed forth in these (fabrications if you please) of the old Bible times.

It was not claimed that those so-called miracles were peculiar only to those times, for Jesus said those should come after him that would do even greater things than he had done.

And conditions then as now were required—for he said (Mark vi–5) he could do no mighty works there because of their unbelief, save that he laid his hand on a few sick folks and healed them.

PRAYER.

If there is one thing more important than another in the investigation of spiritual phenomena or attaining spiritual gifts, it is to have "conditions"; and what more potent agency in producing conditions, either for the solitary suppliant in his closet, or in the circle large or small, than a fervent prayer going out from the hearts of all, either orally or in silence? When it is desired to bring all present into a harmonious condition, to allay all improper excitement and produce a feeling of peace with all the world, and lift the souls of all present with aspirations for the good and true, how can it better be done than by prayer? not merely lip service, but offerings from the inmost soul. Take as an example the circles of "Sister Miller." Many go there who care less for the tests they may get than for the uplifting spirit of harmony, peace and rest, produced by the heartfelt prayer which precedes every circle.

Brother Dawbarn, in a very able and instructive discourse at the camp meeting last summer, in his closing remarks touched upon this subject and administered a rebuke to us for retaining so much of church forms as to pray to God in our meetings. I thought then and think now that his view of prayer was erroneous.

He pictured to us in his usual forcible style the absurdity of expecting to make God change his mind to suit our caprices, though he admitted we might attract help if we prayed to a spirit man. To my mind it makes no difference where we aim our prayers. The vital point is where they come from, in what spirit are they conceived and is the ground from whence they spring in proper condition to receive the coveted blessings.

His view seemed to be that to put ourselves in an attitude of prayer, was an element of weakness, whereas we should stand erect, conscious of our own strength, and look for that strength within, rather than to any external power. This may do for those having such a fountain of strength and self reliance within as Bro. Dawbarn has. If there is where he finds his power, let him seek no further; it would be an element of weakness for *him* to do so, but for the countless multitude that are lacking in that self assertion and strength, who feel their dependence on some power superior to their own in goodness and wisdom, it is not an element of weakness, but of strength to ask for assistance from the source of all power wherever it is; not to pray to God to change him, but to change them and make them fit recipients of the blessings asked. This is what the words meant that were put into the mouth of Jesus, "Ask and it shall be given you, seek, and ye shall find."

Bro. Dawbarn was looking in the wrong direction for the effects of prayer, as after firing his rifle, as soon as the smoke had cleared away he would look to where the muzzle pointed to "see something drop." But the process should be reversed to see the effects of prayer, and in defining prayer it is no disparagement to its efficacy when we say, Prayer is a projectile that is more effective at the breech than at the muzzle.

STOCKTON, Nov. 10, 1889.

Letter from Boston.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I like your paper *immensely*. How I ever got along with occasional copies before I became a regular subscriber and reader of it, is more than I can tell. The *spirit* of your paper is what I like. I do not believe we can win the world by fighting them, to approach them like a porcupine with our arrow like quills always thrust out towards them. But if we can prove to them that we have that within us and in our faith which will benefit and uplift them, that we desire only their good that the law of love, and brotherly kindness and a true spirituality governs our lives, *then* we can win them. We rest here in our own hearts a truly, unselfish love for the highest possible good of our brother-man; then we shall succeed in winning them to us.

I believe that Spiritualists should be spiritual. Nobody in this world has a greater *right* to be such. Nobody in the world has a greater inspiration to noble, pure, God-like living than Spiritualists. I know of many such, many who have been vastly benefited, made vastly better men and women in every way.

Let us all seek the best gifts, the highest, purest attainments, and each day strive to build some portion of that mansion which we must occupy in the other and grander life toward which we are hastening day by day.

Sincerely yours,
W. H. SMITH.

110 Sudborg st., Boston, Mass., Nov. 16, 1889.

Educate and inform the whole mass of the people. Enable them to see that it is their interest to preserve peace and order, and they will preserve them.—*Thomas Jefferson.*

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Splints.

BY ELLA L. MERRIAM.

Mental yokes prove more burdensome than physical ones.

Is there any revenue in life so rich and enduring as the reward of unselfish deeds?

Often, the surest panacea for our own ills is to contemplate and alleviate if possible the ills of others.

The rarest jewel, in its most brilliant setting, fades in the intensifying radience of a life of sincere, modest and unselfish adornment.

The extreme eloquence of a learned divine, or the charmed tongue of the most talented orator, pales into naught, if the richer, deeper glow of an upright life, shines not out upon their fellow beings.

There is no theory under the sun, that is worthy of a single thought of man, that is not simple and practical enough to make the commonest object in life teach useful lessons, worthy our most sincere consideration and sympathy.

The spiritually slothful wonder what to do to "kill time?" The spiritually ambitious see so much to accomplish in the way of mastering carnal *self*, and to alleviate the ills, and repair the wrongs of humanity that Life seems not only, very precious, but full too brief.

To so live that with whomsoever we come in contact, no matter how great the diversity, or antagonism of mind—we leave no unpleasant or deteriorating influence, but rather, cheer and uplift, is to prove a blessing, in every sense of the word.

A poor man watched a thousand years before the gate of Paradise; then, while he snatched one little nap, it opened and shut.—*From the Persian.*

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

INTOXICATION, ITS REMEDY, AND WHY DRUNKARDS SEE SNAKES.

As Explained by the Electro-Magnetic Currents, through Laura A. Baker.

Intoxication is of two kinds, positive and negative. One springs from excessive joy, the other sinks to inertia. One throws the magnetic wheel of the brain into too rapid, the other into too low vibrations; and these vibrations define the character of the intoxicant, whether from an acid or an alkali effervescence.

Considered generically, in all earth, air and water are but two acids; nitro-phosphoric and sulpho-vitriolic. Considered in relation to the human family and their moral progression which has its base in well developed physical stamina, there are but two acids—harmonious and inharmonious; the one agrees with the concrete of the constitution of human life in every department, and gives to the central cavity of the brain the Chair of Omnipotence in whose rulings Wisdom presides and Reason is the arbiter. The other, like the oil of vitriol rules by compulsion, converting all to self, thereby giving inverted action to self-respect. All earth acids revert, one to the other, through alkalis; and springing into the productions of the earth, enter through them into the human system and give either pressure in the line of moral progression that opens the valves upward toward celestial attainments in which joy radiates outward in scintillations, and Wisdom offers the hand of sympathy:—or in the line of discordant development where the oil of peace that allows discordant elements to pass without friction is eaten away, and the standard of the brain is left to the mercy of factions in which the ideal life is crowned by arrogance and oppression, and springs its reflections in straight lines like the sting of the asp, and joys in deeds of cruelty.

Normally, the magnetic forces of the system circle in the base brain, and at the same time throw off vibratory action.

The stupor of intoxication is produced by flooding the brain with more alkali vigor than the acid of the system is able at once to lift, which makes the power of the magnetic forces to circle,—run down. A flooded waterwheel can not work. If the zinc is exhausted from a battery, no action speeds out.

The constitution of man is a finely arranged electric machine, balanced in every relation, weight against pressure, containing a barometer, a galvanometer, an electrometer (whose force is generated in three grand cells—lungs, liver and stomach—and registered in the brain), an axis of motion corresponding with the equatorial motion of the earth, sublimated twice, and a duplex corolation of nerves that receive the charges from the axle of motion or telegraph stand, and return those taken on at the ends of the lines and at way stations; and all spring from and depend upon a grand galvanic battery, whose cells are in the pancreas, stomach, and gall, and are run by the action of acids and alkalies. Acids spring motion; alkalies balance and regulate, or overweight and destroy that motion. Whisky and rum are dead weights of alkali energy, as a stone, or a cake of opium, and draw action down to inertia, in their extremes. Energy lifted springs motion and evolutes emotion. All emotions follow their direction of action and circle to their extreme opposites when their highest point is reached, as blindness comes from our strained sight, as joy gives light and sparkle to the eye, until excess brings tears and anguish, as pity leads to embrasure, as excessive reason, based in error, drops to imbecility.

In the chemical labratory of nature, acid represents electricity; alkali represents magnetism. Distilled liquors are never found native in grain; neither is gun-powder found in the earth; both are inimical to life, and both will preserve it, because in both are all that is required to sustain it. He who eats his powder can not starve; both represent concentrated energy from which a little may be drawn to produce great effects.

In the cosmos of nature, that which builds in one extreme, will destroy in its opposite, and vice versa; thus to give alcohol in ten times its bulk of water to a person of low vitality, increases that vitality; while to bathe in alcohol withdraws vitality from the system and increases the disability. Life in all its changes is but the sum of means. All distilled liquors contain the alkali energy of the full machinery of animal life from the cradle to the grave, minus its active acids in the lower grades. This energy is the union of three magnetic principles whose lock in water forms the oahspe of nature in which her all is represented—earth, air and water—the energy of grain, the energy of air, and the stamina of water combined by heat.

One property alone cannot cause efforvescence, else would the rocks turn to wine. The air contains an acid, the earth an alkali; the cereals represent different divisions of that alkali. Water contains both an acid and an alkali locked with an oil. Asphett, gypsum and mica are all alkali divisions of earth's stable bed. If an acid and an alkali are thrown in together without an oil between, their efforvescence frees heat and creates sachera that may or may not give birth to a different quality of acid, according to the stage at which that efforvescence is checked. Oil is a magnetic ovum that draws in a principle without creating dilution. All dilutions of principle by its opposite create a frictional assimilation that frees heat, and a volatile acid that would otherwise form organized life; and, if carried far enough, leaves a dead alkali lock. The energy of whisky has its acid property thrown off in manufacture which leaves its magnetic qualities concentrated. Mankind cannot afford to loose such a lock of powers, each of which is native to the human constitution. Concentrated foods are the ne plus ultra of production, and save a vast amount of storage and transportation. As well might the world call for a cessation in the manufacture of gun-powder as to stop the production of malt liquors. The knowledge that produced them was an inspirational gift to man for his benefit; and had reason guided in their use, he would long ago have turned this, his worst enemy, into his best friend. Better by far ascertain how to open the lock of its forces and by winding the keys bring them under control. This key will be found in alum and salt ground together. "If salt has lost its savor wherewith shall it be salted." This savor is alum. (The quotation refers to many things in which different proportions are requisite.) Two thirds alum and one third salt is a good proportion to open and control the lock of liquor.

There is nothing of value that man has discovered that may not become his enemy by excessive ignorance in its use. Can you think of anything that may not injure you? How often are cattle found dead around a sugar-camp? Even orange peel may kill a cow. How much fat meat can you eat? How much mince pie? How much cheese? How much salt? How much cold water can you drink while over-heated? Shall the light of the sun be put out because its heat produces sunstroke? Shall fire be extinguished because it burns the flesh? Shall the manufacture of gas be stopped because it explodes? "Know all things," was a divine command. On the energy of whisky a man may labor all day without other food, and sleep sweetly at night; and this may continue as long as he will use it according to nature's law by absorption—in a dilution sufficient to allow it to be entered into the absorbants without first being thrown as a crude force of concrete energy to the brain, too firmly knit to have its different qualities separated and appropriated by the zincs in the different batteries through which it must pass before reaching the brain, from which it must be returned if not digested, to lung and heart action and again sent forward by the addition of acid gathered in their departments, thus leaving them impoverished, until the positive lung fails to respond to the negative call of the heart, and the inebriate puffs out his breath in perverted action, or until the battery of the lungs and stomach draw in acid from the air, and from side dependences to again wind the spring of action and throw off its redundant weight that presses downward;—and in quantity sufficient only to supply the energy that is drawn from the system by physical exertion.

The energy of whiskey is the most concentrated that man uses to provide strength and is too crude to be utilized without the aid of a foreign power. No one would think of using an essential oil without first throwing it into essence by dilution with a quality with which it will unite as alcohol.

Whisky and all intoxicants unite freely with water whose essential oil is in perfect harmony with them, and whose electrical force furnishes the power to move them. If whisky is diluted with nine times its weight of pure, living water, it will act as food in the system for a person performing physical instead of mental labor, because the energy it supplies springs latterly, then downward; first, it floods the hands, then the feet, then the voice.

The anterior effect on the emotions by the vigor of intoxicants freed and lifted by the amount of rhenic acid or gastric juice that the stomach is able to provide, and that is appropriated by the brain, is to incite the action of some attribute of omnipotence. Energy is the lock of omnipotence which flows from the banks of Time to the rivers of Eternity. The first induced sparkle throws Benevolence forward, it being the first divine precept expressed by the great generous Earth, whose crude energy is pressing for a hearing; then Conviviality raises her voice in a line of expression in accordance with previous cerebral development, in loud speech, coarse laughter and song, or blues, with bluster and blasphemy; then the surcharge of force pressing forward springs its native desire for physical exertion and floods with strength the arms and limbs, that seeks relief in blows and kicks, its legitimate channel; to curve and strike like a snake. It is thus the drunkard goes home, in the night, routs up the family and beats them all round, if he has not already spent himself in fighting, or on his helpless, unoffending horse. In this way nations express themselves according to their beverages, or their narcotics. The Frenchman imbibes his wine, is convivial, licentious and happy; the German drinks his lager, is lazy, substantial and brutal; and if engaged in physical labor, demands as much of women and children as he himself can perform. His children are thereby rendered stunted in size because obliged to spend in labor the energy that should have gone to perfect growth, and for lack of sympathy for the pains and needs of the growing bodies, are themselves made harsh and unfeeling as the parent. The feeling of an injustice received, the sense of a wrong inflicted, checks the growth of tender emotions, while the harsh nettle that is fostered, throws pressure transeversely and fruits again in injustice. The Irishman hugs his still, and grows strong and healthy while he swings his shillalah; but the top of his head forgets to grow, and the beautiful promise of his early childhood is blighted at the brink of youth, and nobility of character lingers only on the side of maternal love. The Chinaman smokes his sedative opium, goes off into beatific dreams, is honest, imitative, because impressed by an angel hand, inoffensive, and willing to be a beast of burden for all. The invincible Yankee chews his tobacco, swaggers, shuts one eye, and forgets that he is not the most independent creature in the world.

Now all this brutality, arrogance and selfish idiosyncracy will be done away with, and man will lift his fellowman to the level of universal brotherhood, and the glory of childhood become the halo of age, while love, honor and freehold virtue sits enthroned in every home, when man recognizes one fact, and its sequence, that all foods, and all drinks, and the juice and smoke of all narcotics, tend each to bring about one of two results—terrestrial or celestial development of vital energy; and that these results are controlled, primarily by acids, nitro-phosphoric, and alum; secondarily by the psychological effect of association which makes one person imbibe of the individuality of another; and, silently, by recognition of the higher laws of growth with which man may lock through the prayer call, through the media of the principle of intelligence that permeates all air, and joins man mortal with the divine man, in whatever line of celestial

Continued on Eighth Page.

If you want to be miserable, think about yourself, about what you want, what you lke, what respect people ought to pay you, what people of you, and to you nothing will be pure and you will always be wretched.

Ninety-nine per cent of ambition to try and one per cent of talent is all that is necessary to success in whatever we undrtake.

ANNUAL MEETING.

Office of the Golden Gate Printing and Publishing Company, Suite 43, Flood Building.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 7th, 1889.

The Regular Annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Golden Gate Printing and Publishing Company will be held at the office of said Company as above, on Saturday, Dec. 7, 1889, at 2 o'clock P. M. Said meeting is hereby called for the purpose of electing five Trustees for said Company, and for the transaction of such other business as may be necessary.

MATTIE P. OWEN, Secretary.

GOLDEN GATE.

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J. J. OWEN, - - - EDITOR AND MANAGER.
MRS. MATTIE P. OWEN, - Secretary and Assistant

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☞ All letters should be addressed: "GOLDEN GATE Flood Building, San Francisco, Cal.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1889.

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GEO. CAMPBELL,..........................Nanaimo, B. C.
MISS H. M. YOUNG, .. General Agent for GOLDEN GATE and W. J Colville's books.

TRIAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

For the purpose of introducing the GOLDEN GATE to new readers (and believing that they will like it well enough to continue their subscriptions when the time expires), we will send the paper to new subscribers, for four months at the reduced price of 50 cents, postage free. Remittance can be made by postal notes or postage stamps. J. J. OWEN, Manager.

OUR THANKSGIVING.

The appointing by the State of a day of general thanksgiving, (formerly of fasting and prayer), to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, for the blessings of health and prosperity as a people, in compliance with a religious custom, is looked upon with much disfavor by atheistic persons. Like the institution of Sunday, such persons are not compelled to observe Thanksgiving day, any more than they are our other legalized holidays,—or even the exclusively holy days recognized by the Church. But surely there is one, no however deficient in the organ of veneration, who can seriously object to a recognition of the day as a day of rest and recreation, and for the enjoyment of such social festivities as that to which it is now generally devoted. And surely all should be magnanimous enough, in the enjoyment of their own freedom, to permit, without cavil, those who may so prefer, to devote the day to fasting and prayer. If any should choose to clothe themselves in sackcloth and ashes, in token of their humiliation of spirit, on that day, for the crimes and wrongs committed, in the name of liberty, they ought to be permitted to do so, and no one should say them nay, or question their right in the matter.

⁂

But there is a spiritual side to this question, which should commend it to the consideration of all who are seeking for the higher life; and that is the importance of developing a spirit of thankfulness as essential to true growth. "Thankfulness for what?" do we hear some one ask? Thankfulness for everything—thankfulness that we were not overlooked in the construction of the universe—that we live, and will live forever. Again our questioner: "Is a future life desirable at "the price many of us are compelled to pay for "it in this life—of poverty, sickness, misfortune, "etc?" What are the brief moments of mortal existence, compared to an existence of infinite duration, and the advantage of infinite growth in all the higher capacities of the soul? Of what stuff can any one be made that he should be unwilling to take the chances of a few earthly ills and discomforts for an unfoldment of spiritual powers and possibilities that eclipse conception in their mighty reach?

⁂

Some of our atheistic friends seem so apprehensive that they may be betrayed into doing something that may squint at the recognition of an Infinite, Overruling Intelligence, that they will hardly allow themselves to be properly appreciative of the real joys and blessings of life, lest such appreciation might be construed to the disadvantage of their materialistic claims. The unhappiness of all such persons should forever stand as a warning to the more spiritually inclined to shun the rocks of pessimism upon which their life barks have been wrecked. He must be spiritually blind indeed, who cannot see a Divine purpose in human life, and in the varied and marvelous forms of matter with which we are surrounded, and of which we are, physically, a part.

⁂

How can we know what is best for us—the discipline moulding and annealing, that may be necessary to adjust us to our proper place in the mechanism of the universe. The pain we suffer: the tears that are wrung from our very hearts at times—are all, for aught we know, Nature's processes for forging us into shape and harmony with the Eternal Plan. At any rate, isn't it better for us to accept them as such, than to rebel, like truant school-boys, from the discipline necessary to hold us to our tasks? If we accept our sorrows and sufferings in a spirit of thankfulness we rob them of half their hurt.

⁂

But there is so much of good in the world to be thankful for—so much of beauty and joy—so much to gladden the soul and thrill it with a sense of true thankfulness, that it would seem that we would hardly need to be reminded thereof by the setting apart of any one day in the year as a fitting time to give expression to our thanks. We should be thankful every day; our lives should be a benison of thankfulness perpetually to that Infinite Mystery of spirit that has given us eyes to enjoy the beautiful pictures of nature—its grandeur of mountain and ocean; ears to drink in the melody of sounds; and other faculties for sensing the delights of being. For the pleasures of friendship, for the gentle hearts that love us, for the sweet intercourse of soul with soul, for the uplifting hands reaching down to us from the bending skies, for the bright hope of a life of happy usefulness beyond the gates of death, and for the infinite possibilities opening out before us, let us give thanks.

⁂

Aye, indeed! What though your lot may be cast in poverty, and many misfortunes and ills attend you even all through your earthly pilgrimage; are ye not journeying towards home—to the better land? See ye not "the light in the window" to some one of those "many mansions" that shall yet be your abode in the land of souls? Take heart of hope, ye sorrowing ones. With eyes fixed upon the shimmering summit of the Mount Delectable, take up your staff and scrip and journey on. And so we will all give thanks.

NOBLE REVENGE.

It is the determination of the spotless not to give sorrow to others, and not to do evil to those who have done evil to them. If a man inflict suffering, even on those who without cause hate him, it will in the end, give him irremovable sorrow. The punishment of those who have done you evil is to put them to shame by showing them great kindness.—*Hindu.*

Retaliation is the cause of most of the world's inharmony, strife and wars, yet every nation has its Golden Rule, but which from its infrequent application in the general affairs of life, might be supposed to apply to an ideal, future state of being. As between nations, however, arbitration in cases of difference, is a step toward the practice of the Golden Rule, and surely points to a time when forbearance and reason, and not armies and navies, will be the power to adjust difficulties.

The Golden Rules have not in the past been potent in letter, but their spirit has exerted a pervading influence that is being felt and somewhat realized in these latter times. Spiritualism is a peace philosophy; it recognizes no angry and avenging God, but an all-loving and forgiving Father, who looks upon the frailties and defects of his children as incentives to charitable works and noble deeds in those who perceive their need in others, by which the first are glorified and the latter enlightened, uplifted, and softened in their better natures. It teaches better laws of individual daily life than any of the orthodox sects, because it recognizes the needs and rights of the body as a temple of the soul to be made beautiful and cherished, not crucified. It teaches the Golden Rule in a new and better sense than the modern one—the original, which was inspiration.

IN THE DARK.

Mortals acquire their first fear of darkness when children by being put into dark closets as punishment for small offenses; also by being told by unconscionable nurses, just for the fun of seeing consternation and wonderment transform the innocent little faces, of horrid monsters with unheard of shapes and no shapes, that live in the dark, never showing themselves except to drag off and devour bad little boys and girls. Then parents wonder why their children are so terrified by the darkness, but seldom or never take the trouble to find out the cause, that the foolish fear may be dispelled. This infantile timidity tends directly to fit the mind for the ready acceptance of the old religious horrors of fire and brimstone, and a most awful personal devil, all in waiting for wicked men and women.

Thus is fear a thing of growth, and darkness, God's beneficent night, when other worlds stand revealed, the holy, blessed night, turned into a symbol of evil and dread. Oh! that the children of men could all be informed of the true darkness, the darkness of life and soul that blinds them and turns them from a knowledge of the true life! A lately deceased wealthy citizen of Vienna had such antipathy to darkness, that he made provision for an electric light to be kept burning in his vault at the cost of twenty thousand marks a year. This deluded gentleman has found out ere this, that those twenty thousand marks would procure better illumination for his soul if annually distributed to the suffering poor of Vienna, we doubt not.

—We hear excellent reports from Bro. Adrian B. Ormerod, of Kansas City. He is an earnest and faithful worker in the good cause.

MR. COLVILLE'S WORK.

On Sunday, Nov. 24, W. J. Colville lectured to audiences limited only by the seating capacity of the hall, morning and evening, at the Metaphysical College, 106 McAllister st. The morning lecture was on "Miracles;" that of the evening dealt with "the human soul, its nature and location;" and was called out by articles in the *Examiner* the Sunday and Monday previous.

After referring briefly to the improbability of any medical man finding the soul definitely located in the *corpus callosum*, the lecturer spoke in complimentary terms of Dr. Stevens of Philadelphia, characterizing him as one out of a large and ever increasing number of physicians, who are earnestly striving to pass beyond the physical, and invade the psychic realm in their researches. Some of the San Francisco physicians interviewed by the *Examiner* reporters have expressed such intensely materialistic views that no one with the least knowledge of Spiritualism can possibly agree with their dogmatic assertions, which are totally destitute of proof; while the utter lack of consistency among alleged scientists shall be amply sufficient to convince all thinking people that no one is an authority save when he possesses positive knowledge of a subject under discussion. Dr. J. M. Peebles, one of the best known writers and lecturers on Spiritualism America has produced, some years ago favored the theory put forward by many that the *pineal gland* might be the point in the organism where the life principle, which is purely spiritual, expressly manifests itself, and the statement will hardly be questioned in any quarter that there are strong reasons for regarding the *solar plexus* also as a most important centre of vitality. Dr. J. R. Buchanan is very emphatic in declaring life to be a spiritual power, and his extended researches in the entire field of anthropology have strengthened his conviction that the thinking principle of man is a spiritual entity distinct from matter. Many able physicians in San Francisco take the same ground, while successful mental treatment of the insane has in many instances abundantly satisfied psychical explorers that though owing to an injury done to the brain, the active intelligent principle is unable to manifest, it exists nevertheless, and can be so appealed to as to respond, when scientific mental treatment is given. W. J. Colville, or the intelligence inspiring his utterance, endorsed the electric theory of life, which is substantially identical with the singular view published by Marie Corelli in her "Romance of two Worlds." The soul in that case must be an electric atom, indivisible and indestructible; containing all the potency of life which it displays through the body. Sickness is due to imperfect electrification of the organism.

The rapid changes constantly transpiring in the flesh can not impair the integrity of the real individual, as all consciousness is in the soul, and while the brain is the particular instrument upon which the unseen musician plays, and therefore if it be impaired, the soul cannot make itself known on the plane of sense; in the realm of spirit, we may meet those who can evince little or no intelligence on earth and find them fully competent.

Excellent music added to the charm of all the exercises. Mr. James G. Clark sang "Star of my Soul," after the discourse in the morning; this sweet inspiring song charmingly rendered by the composer was followed by a fine poetic improvisation by W. J. Colville on the same theme.

Monday Nov. 25th, W. J. Colville conducted his class at 2:30 P. M., and assisted Mrs. J. A. Root in very interesting exercises at 8 P. M. Thursday being Thanksgiving day, special services were held at the College. (Report next week.)

On Sunday next, Dec. 1st, W. J. Colville's subject at 10:45 A. M., will be, "Elias and John the Baptist, or heralds of the dawn;" 7:30 P. M., "The Judgment Day, or the signs of the end of the present Cycle."

GOOD CITIZENS.

Russia the hot bed of persecution of the Jews has still those in its empire who are not blind to the many virtues of this down-trodden race. One of its archbishops, in reading his countrymen a lesson on morals, took the Jew to illustrate his subject. He said: "You never see an intoxi- "cated Jew, while Russians will fall over the gin "cask rather than not drain it to the dregs. "They are strong in times of war and great ex- "citement, but in peace they sink into helpless- "ness and instability of mind and morals; and "instead of being at the head, they are at the "last—instead of being above, they are below the "other people of Europe." The Argentine Republic estimates the Hebrews as a desirable class of citizens, who contribute to the rapid growth of a country. It has established agencies in Europe to offer facilities for the emigration of the Hebrews to South America, from those countries that are driving them from their borders. Seveal thousand who have been ordered from Bessarabia, will go at once to the Argentine Republic, South America, and the New World, never gave asylums to a more deserving people than the Hebrews. The Old World seems to be blinded to its interests by prejudice.

HISTORICAL PHENOMENA.—One of the most astounding manifestations of occult power that ever occurred on this continent was that at the residence of T. G. Clark, in Oakland a dozen years ago, an account of which was given to the world, at the time, in a pamphlet, published by Mr. Clark, now passed on, and which has long been out of print. The facts of those terrible nights are now reproduced for the GOLDEN GATE by Miss Helen Clark, a daughter of Mr. Clark, who was an eye witness of those marvellous exhibitions of spirit power. We may add here that Mr. Clark, was regarded as a thoroughly honest man, and both he and his family were, and are, of the highest respectability. Mr. Clark was converted to Spiritualism through these manifestations, and passed on in the full knowledge of continued existence beyond the grave. His daughter, Helen, was then, and is yet, a fine psychic, but for many years resisted the influence. Miss Clark's admirable papers will run through three issues of the GOLDEN GATE.

TO THE SAME END.

The world has adopted various names for its one method of saving souls, which is simply helping man to know himself, for no man ever wronged himself for another except through ignorance of ultimate consequences. Those that may result here have little weight with those ignorant of the quality of their being. Now, the various sects are each striving to enlighten man upon various principles, it is true, but with one object, the eternal welfare of his soul. Working for this end, there should be the kindliest feeling of fellowship between all religious organizations, setting aside all prejudice as to the best, safest and quickest road to heaven. The Archbishop of Canterbury seems to be of the same opinion, for he lately addressed letters to each convention of the principle non-conformist denominations—the Baptists, Congregationalists, and Methodists, urging them to allow the good results to form a closer union between them. The good bishop must have been shocked, if not sorely grieved over the revelation his messages caused, which was discord and antagonism between the various sects addressed, and seemingly against himself, for in each case his friendly overtures were repelled, without consideration, and no reason assigned. This is very uncharitable conduct for Christians, indeed, and does not hopefully remind one of "the good time coming."

A GRAND SEANCE.—We shall publish next week answers to a large number of questions, given by Spirit Peter Mitchell, independently, through a trumpet, in the presence of his medium, Mrs. Mary C. Smith, of Santa Maria, Cal., at a dark seance held at the rooms of the editors of this journal, on Tuesday evening, November 26th, and phonographically reported, in the dark, by Geo. H. Hawes. This remarkable medium, although not engaged in public work, is on a visit of a few weeks' duration to friends in this city, and has kindly placed her wonderful gifts at our disposal for the good of the cause. She is a most estimable, cultured and worthy lady, and greatly beloved by a large circle of friends. No one who knows her has ever questioned her honesty as a medium, or her worth as a true woman.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Dr. and Mrs. G. B. Crane and wife are again at the Grand, where they expect to remain for some weeks.

—The social for the benefit of Mrs. F. A. Logan, Saturday evening last, was a fine success, and was highly enjoyed by all present.

—One hundred copies of GOLDEN GATE were sold at College Hall, San Francisco, and fifty at Oakland Synagogue at the close of W. J. Colville's meetings last Sunday.

—*The Progressive Thinker* is the name of a new Spiritualistic weekly just started by John R. Francis, Chicago. It is a clean, well-edited, quarto, and is furnished at the small price of $1 per annum.

—Hon. Amos Adams, President of the Board of Directors of the GOLDEN GATE Printing and Publishing Company, will leave to-day with his wife for the East. They go by the Southern route, intending to stop a short time in San Diego.

—Dr. Albert Morton's *Psychic Studies* for December is out. It contains an admirable paper on "Mediumship, its Uses and Abuses," with an excellent "Editorial Table," and other matters. Price, 10 cents per copy, or $1 per annum. For sale at this office.

—Mrs. Ada Foye is engaged in Topeka, Kansas, during December, and returns to California the first of January, by the Southern route. Societies desiring her services between San Diego and San Francisco, will please address *immediately* P. O. Box 185, Topeka, Kansas.

—Mrs. Vernon Willard will hold a course of lectures at Grand Central Hall, commencing November 30th, at 8 o'clock P. M. The course will embrace the same subjects as those at Van Ness Academy, held last September. Tickets to former lectures will be received at the door. The course will begin with "Beauties of our own Land."

—A good sister, writing from Deluz, Cal., says: "At last I have the pleasure of sending "you the amount long due for the GOLDEN GATE. "I feel that I could not do without it and am "very grateful for your kindness. I mean to "keep a good hold on this GOLDEN GATE until "the other one swings open to admit me to the "Beautiful beyond where many friends are watch- "ing and waiting."

—W. J. Colville's work in Oakland and Alameda is progressing very favorably. Large attendances at Oakland Synagogue every Sunday and Tuesday at 3 P. M., and Thursday at 7:45 P. M. Subject of lecture to-morrow, (Sunday) afternoon, "The Soul, what is it, and where is it?" Meetings in Alameda are held in Blanding Hall, Webb Avenue, Tuesday, 7:45 and Thursday 2:45 P. M. A Thanksgiving service was held November 28.

—Brother John Wetherbee writes: I like the "GOLDEN GATE, and every week it gladdens my "eyes and grows better and better; and when I "saw in your last editorial notes the remark of "our venerable brother, G. B. Crane, 'Your edi- "torial fragments all ought to be embodied in "tracts and sent to every man, woman and youth. "How in creation you can get up such excellent "moralizing ideas, etc.,' I was ready to say "amen to that."

—We have received from that sweet singer, C. Payson Longley, the following choice songs and music: "We will Meet You in the Morning," "Little Birdie's Gone to Rest," "Open the Gates, Beautiful World," "Echoes from Beyond the Veil," "Sweet Summerland Roses," "Gentle Words of Loving Hearts," "Your Darling is not Sleeping," "Vacant Stands her Little Chair," "Back from the Silent Land," "What Shall be my Angel Name?" "Ever I'll Remember Thee," "Love's Golden Chain," "I love to think of Old Times," "We'll all be gathered Home."

TO BE ABOLISHED.

Telegraphic dispatches are sometimes momentous, as were those telling of the revolt against Dom Pedro's rule and the resolve of the Russian government to abolish the Siberian exile system. While both are peculiarly interesting, there is no parallel between the two events, since Dom Pedro's power has always been exercised in love and charity to his subjects, and all his public deeds been directly for their benefit. How differently has Russian power been illustrated through Siberian life! Its record forms the darkest page in modern history. We believe that every civilized nation may be given some credit in this matter, but Mr. Smau, a widely known Russian writer on Siberian life, gives it as his opinion that the principal causes producing this great change—equal to a revolution—are, first, the works of our great journalist, George Kennan, and present Russian vice-Minister, Secretary of the Interior; also the Governor of Kieff and the Central Territories, the ex-Governor General of Eastern Siberia, Count Ignatiff. It is something to be reflected upon with pride that the greatest influence bearing upon this dismal subject, is credited to an American.

—As will be seen by a diagram on our 8th page, H. L. Williams has mapped out a large portion of his ranch, adjacent to Summerland, into from four to ten and twelve acre lots, for those who would like more land than they could obtain in the town of Summerland. This is the finest fruit land in the world, and is especially adapted to the culture of figs.

Circle of Harmony.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

The Circle of Harmony, in St. George's Hall, 909 Market street, Sunday, at 11 o'clock, was opened with music and singing by the audience, and invocation by Mrs. Logan, with appropriate remarks. She then introduced Mrs. Miller, who gave a very interesting experience, followed by Mrs. Andrews, of Illinois, a fine medium. A lady tourist yielded to the control of a Quaker, who, in the sing-song tone, uttered many excellent truths. Mrs. Cowell, of Oakland, becam entranced and spoke with power and emphasis that could not be misunderstood. Mr. Dean yielded to the control of Madame DeRoth. It was quite an affecting scene. She expressed her appreciation of those who had so kindly cared for her in her sickness, also for kindnesses bestowed upon her children. Her mantle of mediumship has fallen upon her sixteen-year-old daughter, but the dear little four-year-old she was coming to take to her beautiful home over there. Just then the dear little one came from the Lyceum in the hall adjoining, and walked straight to the platform to speak her little piece. A three-year-old little stranger rushed to the little speaker and clasped her plump arms around her neck and loaded her with kisses. She was so demonstrative in her appreciation that she lost her balance and rolled off of the platform, but was picked up instantly and only gave a sob or two, as little Miss DeRoth soothingly brushed away the tears and in turn covered her with kisses, which made an impressive scene, such as angels delight to witness. Mrs. Logan could but say "of such is the kingdom of heaven." It is through sympathy and kindness that the sorrows of earth's children can be assuaged.

Mrs. McCann related an experience in psychometry, and had proved to herself without a doubt, that the reading of sealed letters was done only by the assistance of guardian spirits. This young medium will become a bright and shining light on the platform in the near future. Madam Bell, a stranger, gave several tests. Mrs. White gave utterance to her soulful inspirations. Dr. Temple gave an address and tests, which were acknowledged by Mrs. Hooper. Mrs. Jennie, medium from Oakland, said she was glad to be there, and she, with other speakers, who had already spoken, highly commended the management of the meeting, and wished that there were many more such places where soul-communion could be enjoyed with the same freedom of speech. The little flower-medium ornamented the stand with her work, and said while in trance that she would soon speak on the platform. Mrs. Day's speech was brief on account of the lateness of the hour. Mr. Ashton distributed many copies, entitled *The Commonwealth*, a large magazine in the interest of Nationalism.

The meeting adjourned to meet next Sunday, at 11 o'clock.

Progressive Lyceum.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

To many of those who gathered with the session of the Progressive Lyceum, at its hall, No. 909 1-2 Market street, on last Sunday morning, there came a sense of peace and tenderness that comes to all from our father, Love, when humanity lays aside care to give their spirit the things it pleads for, in order to realize the happiness which is its destiny.

Several children and adults enrolled themselves on the list of membership, which is increasing steadily, so that the prospects are more commodious quarters will have to be secured at some time in the near future if the ratio of attendance continues to increase for a few more weeks. The general topic showed the children to be quite interested, and several responses from them and leaders were made, while the replies to the conductor, Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, as to what should be the topic for next Sunday, brought forth quick suggestions. It was decided to consider what effect tobacco has upon the human system. The words of wisdom furnished by several were such as would require reflection from older heads, and little Willie Pamperin recited "Little Things," while Lena Miller had for the subject of her recitation, "For the Boys." Miss May Cook and Miss M. Hildebrand each furnished a piano solo.

The large circle of leaders and friends of the Lyceum, who assembled later, was surprised with the presentation of a handsome silk flag—the stars and stripes—of regulation size, which was donated to the Lyceum by Mr. C. H. Gillman, a faithful worker in its ranks. The gift was received with a vote of thanks.

Mrs. M. E. Morris, the pianiste, then requested leave of absence from her position, as she desired to take a vacation of a month or six weeks. This was granted, and Miss M. Hildebrand was tendered the position, which she accepted for that length of time.

The subject of new books was brought up, and a library committee, consisting of Mrs. Albert Cressey, Mrs. M. E. Morris and Mr. C. H. Gillman, was appointed to examine any books brought to their attention and report upon the same to the directory of the Lyceum.

W. J. KIRKWOOD.

Progressive Spiritualists.

Editor of Golden Gate:

The Sunday afternoon meeting way very interesting; a large number of mediums being present. Judge Collins made an excellent opening address, followed by Mr. Day, who spoke of the benefit a knowledge of Spiritualism would be to all who are students in this grand philosophy, and saying if persons were not convinced of this truth it was owing to their own indifference, as good mediums were available to prove by demonstration to their satisfaction. Mrs. Miller followed in one of her quaint speeches. After a duet by Mesdames Rutter and Cook, Dr. Temple made a short speech and gave many tests which were recognized. The young flower-medium was present, and while blindfolded demonstrated her mediumship by making flowers. Dr. L. Schlesinger gave tests to a large number, giving private sittings in the ante-room, astonishing the skeptical and bringing comfort to the sorrowing.

The evening meeting was devoted to a benefit for a friend and brother, one of the earnest and faithful workers who has been ready at all times to do what he could to further the cause of Spiritualism, but is now in need of assistance, having been sick for the past three years. Any one having more of the world's goods than they can use, we ask them to remember this worthy brother. We will give his address to any one by calling at the *Carrier Dove* office. We are proud to say that the friends crowded the hall and manifested their sympathy in a substantial manner, the proceeds amounting to $130. The exercises were very interesting, Prof. Dawbarn opening with a short address and afterward acting as chairman of the meeting, the President being quite unwell. The singing was excellent. Mesdames Rutter and Cook sang a duet; Dr. Mansfield, the "spirit postmaster," gave some of his experiences. Miss Daisy Cressey, the young and popular ballad singer, gave the song entitled, "From the Cradle to the Grave," with pleasing effect. Miss Alice Henshall, under entrancement, gave an improvisation on the organ. A duet, "There's no one to Welcome Me Home," was given by Mrs. Chapman and Miss Kohn. Dr. Temple gave a short address. Many persons in the audience testified to the satisfactory tests given them by Dr. L. Schlesinger, and John Slater made a ringing speech, arousing much enthusiasm, at the close giving some tests.

The thanks of the society is hereby tendered to all who in any manner helped to make the meeting the great success it proved to be. We hope also that the benefit may return to them a thousand fold. *

Summerland Notes.

Editor of Golden Gate:

Summerland is growing as four more new buildings will testify. William Wale and wife arrived here from Cleveland, Ohio, Thursday night last, they were so pleased, selected and purchased lots, and a camping outfit and have their plans for a home about perfected. The lumber for Mrs. Cawker's double store, restaurant and lodging house is being hauled on the site and the carpenters are already at work on it. Mr. Henry F. Hughes of 710 Howard St., San Francisco, has arrived and like all others is delighted and already has his bill for lumber for his house ordered and will build at once. But the grand event of the week was the commencement to-day of the erection of the Free Library building to which all of Summerland was present and five carpenters from Santa Barbara, who have kindly donated several days labor each to its completion,—the ladies as in all things taking the lead; Mrs. Della A. Chesbro formerly of Portland Oregon, opened the services with the following speech:

The men and women of Summerland have assembled here this beautiful Monday morning, Nov. 25, 1889, for the purpose of breaking soil for the erection of a free public library building where all mankind, black or white, Jew or gentile, from all quarters of the globe, can assemble and in all brotherly love discuss all subjects that tend to elevate humanity; and with one voice, on the top of this green-clad hill, between these mighty mountains and the blue waves of the briny ocean, we call out to all kindred spirits, whether in the body or out, to send such currents of harmony and brotherly love that every nail that is driven may be links of love that will serve to bind us together upon the solid rock of equal rights and universal brotherhood, so that every person that has donated so liberally may feel to the uttermost that it is more blessed to give than to receive. And now as these shovels that are held in the hands of these ladies go down into the earth, and these hammers, that are already raised, fall, we proclaim to the world that our motto is "Equality, Fraternity and Liberty."

With the last words the shovels entered the ground and the hammers fell, and actual work on the Summerland Free Library building was commenced, and in this connection it is proper to say that the building when fully completed will cost $3,000. The lumber now on the ground cost over $1,000 and is paid for almost wholly by friends in Santa Barbara. We have about $500 subcribed in labor mostly by Summerland residents, the balance we must raise outside. If every purchaser of lots would send us $5, we could make up the amount; but all cannot or will not, therefore those who are able should send more. We pioneers are working hard to build up this colony for the grand purposes it is intended for, both the cause of Spiritualism and humanity. We are at the same time enhancing the value of your property; help us when we need it and send in your contributions at once, to H. L. Williams, President of the association and, during Mr. Bowley's absence, acting treasurer. Fraternally, Henry B. Allen.

Summerland, Cal., Nov. 25th, 1889.

Oakland.

Editor of Golden Gate.

The notice of Mrs. Edith Nickless' farewell lecture last Sunday afternoon, drew an audience together that filled Grand Army Hall to its utmost capacity. The controls of the lady took for the subject of the afternoon's discourse "Modern Christianity;" and while treating the theme with all proper reverence, and asserting the teachings of the lowly Nazarene to have been the grandest ever given to mankind, the sham and false pretenses of both pulpit and pew were laid open for all to see, in a manner so clear and forcible, and yet full of charity that all might feel the truth and still none be offended. The usual test seance followed the lecture. After this, nearly the entire audience gathered about the medium, wishing her Godspeed in her journey and her work, and an ultimate return to this city, where she has done so noble a work and made so many fast friends. Homo.

Letter from W. H. Yeaw.

Editor of Golden Gate:

Having been thoroughly cognizent of the inauguration of and growth of Summerland, and having made a thorough personal examination of its beautiful site and surroundings, I desire to publicly answer the many inquiries made to me, as a duty to many friends. The wisdom of the choice of location has been demonstrated by the widely spread interest in the colony and the rapidity with which it is being improved. There seems to be a power behind this movement that detraction, envy and falsehood cannot embarrass, and the accomplishment of their designs is a foregone conclusion. I cannot conceive of a more lovely spot for the location of a spiritual colony. The soil cannot be excelled for richness and adaptability to the growth of all varieties of fruits, vegetables and flowers. Its lovely, and from some points sublime scenery is unsurpassed, and at the front the grand old Pacific Ocean peacefully laves one of the most delightful bathing beaches on the coast, with waters warm enough to make bathing comfortable in all seasons of the year.

The climate is simply perfect; the variations in temperature being so slight as to make it the most equable in the world; and the location is so sheltered by the mountains, that the rough winds which are an unpleasant feature in other places never visit this favored spot. The summers are never hot, for the gentle zephyrs from the ocean maintain an even and balmy temperature. The topography of the town is simply charming; from the beach it slopes gradually to about midway of the site, then rises more abruptly until the heights are attained. I consider the hills the choicest locality for residences; it is true it will cost a little more to prepare the grounds, but the views are delightful, and ere long we shall see the beautiful eminences crowned with the elegant residences of the wealthy and cultured.

One of the best features of the place is the abundance of good, pure, running water, which can be piped to any part of the town. With the Post-office established, the Free Library progressing, and excellent railroad facilities, all that is now needed are more God loving, peace loving, humanity loving men women and children to join hands in helping to build up a spiritual center which will be a power for good, the influence of which will be widely extended. The temperance clause in the deeds, prohibiting the sale of liquors, is a great blessing.

In spite of all senseless, bitter opposition the projectors of this enterprise have gained a victory, and a grand success is assured. I hope, with my companion, in the near future to make Summerland our permanent home; there to pass the few remaining years of our earthly pilgrimage among the beautiful flowers, enjoying the delightful scenery and listening to the murmurs of the grand old Pacific Ocean throbbing upon the lovely beach.

In conclusion I would say to our many inquiring friends, come to beautiful Summerland and bring your friends with you. There you will be surrounded with everything that is lovely; among generous and kind-hearted people, and where you may experience our uplifting power for the development of spiritual gifts to an extent beyond your expectations.

W. H. Yeaw.

A Voice from Santa Cruz.

Editor of the Golden Gate.

To-day closes a three months' engagement with Dr. Dean Clark—whose ministrations have been of the most exalted character. His eloquence has captivated and his logic convinced those who had the good fortune to listen to his inspired words. We do not want to lose him, or rather, let him lose us—and if possible we shall strive to bring that most desirable ultimatum about. At the close of the morning lecture, as a token of our unbounded satisfaction, and wishing that in case he should determine to remain no longer, that he should carry with him the assurances of our esteem and know the true friendship he has inherited from the Santa Cruz Spiritualists, a unanimous and rising vote of thanks was given by the entire audience. During his ministration he has been called upon to minister to sorrowing souls bereaved of the mortal presence of loved ones gone before on three different occasions, thus affording an opportunity to those in attendance to listen to the eloquence of inspirers from the land of souls, and learn for the first time, perhaps, what Spiritualists know about the great future, which all humanity must inevitably enter; there were those on each occasion, and many were heard to say, "If that is Spiritualism, give me more. I never heard such beautiful ideas. I never knew that Spiritualism was so pure, so exalted and holy," and I will give my own testimony: I never heard from the lips of mortal more eloquent and soul-inspiring words than was given him to utter, thanks to his exalted guides and control as a spiritual teacher. I think he has no superior, and the grand work he has done in this bigoted city has raised the standard of our cause to the excellence of commanding the most respectful consideration of the most intellectual among us, the press of the city requesting him to furnish for their columns synoptical reports of his lectures which have been read by hundreds who are afraid to come and listen. So both by a rare and wonderful gift of speech, and an equally potent pen, Dr. Clark has accomplished a great work for our cause and humanity.

I am rejoiced to inform you that at the close of the evening lecture, a meeting was called to consider the possibility of retaining him and it was determined that we would do so; and now we shall go on our way rejoicing, reveling in the delights to be afforded us by and through his inspired instrumentality.

You will pardon my enthusiasm, but I know the readers of the Golden Gate will be pleased to learn of the progress of our beloved philosophy in any part of the vineyard of the Lord. Yours for the good of our cause and the progress of all truth.

W. H. Baxter,
President Unity Spiritual Society.

Passed to the Spirit Life.

In this city, November 18, 1889, Mrs. Lizzie J., wife of Geo. B. Kennard, daughter of the late Col. John G. and Rachel B. Chambers, of Christines, Lancaster county, Penn., and sister of Mrs. M. H. Ober and Miss C. P. Chambers, of this city, aged 32 years, 2 months.

Mrs. Kennard was born and reared in Pennsylvania, and resided after her marriage in the town of Christines. She came to this city two months ago with her husband's widowed mother and three children. Her declining health—being afflicted with heart disease—made the trip very tedious. After arriving here she seemed to rally, and the loved ones were happy in the thought that the change had been for her good. This lasted but a few days. She began to fail, and that dreadful malady which had been hers to endure for so many years claimed its victim. She knew all, and although parting from her dear companion and darling children, mother and sisters, was sad, yet she bore up under it with the same fortitude that had been hers through her sickness.

Services were held on Monday, November 19th, at No. 332 Sutter street, Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless officiating. During the services the arisen one was described with her infant child, supported by her father, by the side of her mourning companion. A message was voiced for her to the dear ones on earth in endearing words, telling them "not to mourn, as she was not dead, was now free from all suffering and pain, and would be with them, and with her directing hand would guide the footsteps of her darling children during their journey through life, and surround with that protecting love which is only a mother's to give."

The remains were taken to Mountain View Cemetery, Oakland, for interment.

"As, after death, our loved ones grow our dearest,
Soo, after death, our lost ones come the nearest
They are not lost in distant worlds above;
They are our nearest link in God's own love—
The human hand-clasps of the Infinite,
That life to life, spirit to spirit, knit!
They fill the rift they made, like veins of gold
In fire rent fissures, torture-torn of old;
With sweetness store the empty place they left,
As of wild honey in the rock's bare cleft.
In hidden ways they aid this life of ours,
As sunshine lends a finger to the flowers."

J. R. N.

San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 25, 1889.

SENSATION IN ALBION, MICHIGAN.

One of the most remarkable and wonderful cures that has been performed since the Christian era, is in the case of Mr. George Young, a highly respectable citizen of Albion, Calhoun county, Mich. The following is what Mr. Young says:

"For many years I was stricken with disease of so serious a character that I could not walk or stand. I was reduced in flesh from 180 to 100 pounds. The local physicians called my complaint liver, heart, and kidney disease,—in fact, all manner of diseases,—but after I had paid out a great deal of money, they said I must die, and that very soon. Just at this time one of Dr. Dobson's circulars fell into my hands (I was no believer in Spiritualism) and I thought I would send to him and make a trial, for there was nothing else left for me. He sent what he called spiritual magnetized remedies. I commenced to take them and in a very short time I began to improve, and to-day I am as healthy a man as there is in Michigan, and can do as hard a day's work, and I know that Dr. Dobson cured me. I took four months of his treatment; two months after I was well, and it has nearly if not quite made me a Spiritualist. Since I got well Dr. Dobson has been here to see me, and I attended one of his slate-writing seances, which to me was wonderful. My cure made an excitement in our town, and by its means Dr. Dobson has had over one hundred patients here, and has been successful in curing or greatly benefiting nearly every one. Myself and wife will never tire in doing everything we can do to induce the sick to send to Dr. A. B. Dobson, of Maquoketa, Iowa, for assistance, the man who saved me from a premature grave. It is nearly a year since he cured me. It is through him and his Spirit Band of Doctors that I am alive. George Young.
"Albion, Calhoun county, Mich."

The foregoing is but one of many similar testimonials voluntarily furnished Dr. A. B. Dobson, of this city. His disciples number thousands, scattered from Maine to Oregon, and from Dakota to the Gulf. It is quite likely some may be found who have derived no great benefit from his treatment, though we are free to say we have never heard of such a case—the uniform testimony being "entirely cured or greatly benefited." "The lame walk—the deaf hear—the blind see." Dr. Dobson's career has been a wonderful one; and certainly he is richly deserving of all the success that has crowned his work during the last few years of his residence in the city. He is warm-hearted and generous with his friends, while those disposed to deride or oppose his work, he is not afraid to answer a fool according to his folly.—*Maquoketa (Iowa), Record.*

See advertisement in another column.

—Mrs. J. J. Whitney has concluded not to change her quarters for the present, having abandoned the idea of taking rooms on Kearney street.

A MOMENT

Of your time, reader, may, perhaps be profitably devoted to the following:—

Those who take an agency for a reliable enterprising house, learn their business and stick to it, "get on" in the world. People who have any idea of engaging in any canvassing business will do well to write George Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine—the great art and general publishers. They offer the most exceptional advantages to those who are sufficiently enterprising to be willing to make a push in order to better their condition. It costs nothing to try. Women make successful canvassers, as well as men. Full particulars will be sent to those who address the firm: their full address is given above.

—All those interested in social, economic and scientific questions are invited to meet at 909 Market st., Sunday, at 2:30 and 7:45 P. M., for general discussions of the same.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

PUBLICATIONS.

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To introduce this Great Spiritual Work into every Spiritual family, and to those that read for advanced thought, I wish to appoint an agent (lady or gentleman) in every city and town in the United States, Canada, and foreign countries.

Those that will accept this position will find it very pleasant work. A few hours each day devoted to the sale of this book will bring you a nice income. Aside from this, you are doing a great spiritual good in distributing to the many the advanced thoughts in the book.

With little effort the book can be sold to nearly ever Spiritualist that dwells in your city.

☞ ONLY ONE AGENT to each town or city is wanted. Those that desire the same will please advise me at once, and I will mail them full particulars as to prices, etc.

The book is well advertised, and the many sales we have made is proof that this is the proper time for a book like this

[TITLE PAGE.]

SPIRIT EONA'S LEGACY TO THE WIDE WIDE WORLD:

VOICES FROM MANY HILL-TOPS,

ECHOES FROM MANY VALLEYS.

-{ OR THE }-

EXPERIENCES OF THE SPIRITS EON & EONA

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nov 26

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 7:45 P. M., Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. All are invited. Admission 1 cents. The Library and Reading Room of this Society is located at 841 Market street, "Carrier Dove" office, and is open every week day from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Meetings for Conference and Tests are held Sunday at 2 P. M.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM will meet every Sunday at 10:30 A. M., in Fraternity Hall, Pythian Castle Building, Nos. 909½ and 913½ Market street, between Fifth and Sixth. The hall is commodious and well arranged for this purpose. Strangers and all those interested are respectfully invited to attend.

CIRCLE OF HARMONY—MEETS EVERY SUNday at 11 A. M. in St. George's Hall, 909 Market street. Mediums and speakers especially invited. All welcome to participate. Mrs. F. A. Logan presiding.

UNION SPIRITUAL SOCIETY MEETS EVERY Wednesday evening, at 7:45 o'clock, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 111, Larkin street. Good speakers and test mediums will be in attendance every evening.

OAKLAND CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYceum meets every Sunday at 1:30 o'clock P. M., at Fraternity Hall, Oakland, corner of Seventh and Peralta streets. Everybody receives a welcome.

MEDIUMS' MEETINGS—SATURDAY, NOVEMber 23d and 30th; also December 14th, 21st and 28th, at Grand Army Hall, 419 Thirteenth street, Oakland. Doors open at 7 P. M. All invited.

OPEN MEETINGS OF THE GOLDEN GATE Lodge of the Theosophical Society, are held every Sunday at 106 McAllister street, at 1:30. Earnest inquirers cordially invited.

Council G. G. of the T. S.

FIRST PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUAL ASSOCIAtion of Oakland, meets every Sunday at Fraternity Hall, corner of Seventh and Peralta streets. Meetings at 3 and 7:30 p. m.

OAKLAND SYNAGOGUE, THIRTEENTH AND Clay streets. W. J. Colville lectures every Sunday at 3 P. M. Class instruction every Tuesday, at 2:45 P. M., and Thursday, at 7 45 P. M.

OPEN MEETING.—ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, November 11th, at 2 o'clock, a Bible Class will be held at the Home College, 324 Seventeenth street. All will be welcome.

COLLEGE HALL, 106 McALLISTER STREET. W. J. Colville, Lecturer. Public meetings every Sunday, at 10:45 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. All seats free. Collection.

WEBB AVENUE CHAPEL, NEAR PARK ST., Alameda. Class lessons every Tuesday, at 7:45 P. M., and Thursday, at 2:45 P. M.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Reminiscences of An Old Spiritualist.

In the spring of 1848, I was in St. Louis on a business trip, and was stopping at a boarding house kept by Mrs. Britt, wife of Dr. Britt, a botanic physician. There were twelve or thirteen boarders there at the time. While sitting at the breakfast table one morning, a St. Louis paper had just been received in which was published an account of the Rochester knockings, which occurred at Hydesville in the State of New York.

A discussion naturally arose on the subject; all, with the exception of myself and a sister of the landlady, considered the account a hoax, gotten up by some inventive genius, ridiculed the idea of any denison of the spirit world coming back to communicate with us in such an objectionable and undignified manner, that the idea was too absurd and ridiculous to deserve a passing thought. We however contended, that if immortality as taught in the churches, and generally accepted by the people was a truth, that it was neither objectional nor absurd, but perfectly natural, that those who had passed on should embrace any and every opportunity within their power, to demonstrate to their friends, and to the world, that they still lived, possessed a conscious existence and retained their individuality, and also that if the knockings on tables or other substances was the only means within their power, it was perfectly natural that they, should do that to prove their identity, or deliver any message they desired for any purpose they had in view.

The discussion was carried on for several days at intervals; Mrs. Britt being a very intelligent woman was the strongest opposer. However, she learned better afterward, for, not many years had passed, before she was on the rostrum advocating the truth of angel visitation, and was one of the best inspirational speakers in the field at that early time. She is now the wife of Professor Spence, of positive and negative powder fame; practically engaged in accumulating a reasonable quantity of Uncle Sam's dollars against a rainy day, and at the same time helping the sick and afflicted out of the realm of disease and of the slough of despondency, into the bright land of vigorous health and joyousness.

When I left St. Louis for my home, which was then in Cincinnati, Ohio, I determined that the first opportunity I had to witness the manifestations, either of the Fox girls or of any other who possessed the same power, that I would embrace it.

The opportunity came in the Spring of 1849. The Fox girls, so-called, advertised that they would give public seances at the Burnett House, Cincinnati. I immediately paid my dollars and secured a ticket; only a limited number was admitted to each seance. There were as many persons present of both sexes, as could occupy three sides of an oblong table, the length and the breadth at each end, which was placed parallel to the wall and the window, the girls occupying the other long side. While the seance was proceeding, one of the girls was reading, the other knitting, seemingly paying no attention to what was going on. The knockings were heard on the jambs of the window behind them, on the table and under the table. With the hands on it, we could feel the vibration very distinctly.

When communications were given Mrs. Underwood, the married sister, called the alphabet, putting down each letter as indicated by a rap, until a sentence was formed, the message given and the name for whoever it was intended. Every person at the seance got a communication.

No thought of trickery or deception was even hinted at by any person present; all were perfectly satisfied that the manifestations were genuine. A very beautiful message was indited to one of the gentlemen present, purporting to come from his mother, which, when read, remarks were made to the effect that the spirit must have been a very intelligent and highly educated woman; immediately persistent raps were heard calling for the alphabet, when this sentence was rapped out: "No; I could not spell." No one could understand what it meant, until the gentleman to whom the message was given, said: "*I* know what it means. My mother was by nature a very intelligent woman, and one who was looked up to by every one who knew her, but she had not the advantages of an education; she could not, as she said, spell." Here was an evidence: first, that the spirit heard our conversation; and, second, that she did not desire we should remain under a false conception.

It is lamentable to think that the two girls, Kate and Maggie, should, when approaching the down grade of life, become recalcitrant to the spirit world, to the great gift which was bestowed upon them, and to accuse themselves as having practiced fraud for nearly forty years. To be charitable we must attribute their fall to the life of dissipation, which they carried on for years previous, in consequence of which their moral conceptions were blunted, and to the malign influence of Roman Catholic spirits, in the body and out of the body.

At this time numerous circles were formed, and a medium here and there were developed in private families, exhibiting different phases of mediumship, rapping, table-tipping principally, and occasionally one possessing clairvoyant powers; but, as a rule, they were very crude and unsatisfactory in their manifestations. I attended many of them, and have been frequently disgusted with their performances. Some girl's arm would be violently agitated, when a pencil would be put in her hand and an attempt made to write, which would only result in spoiling the paper or making scratches that resembled nothing on earth or anywhere else. Table-tipping, you could not tell whether it was consciously or unconsciously done by the supposed medium.

After attending these circles a few times I generally absented myself. I did not understand them; that our friends on the other side knew very little of the laws of control; that they had hardly learned their A, B, C's; that knowledge is only acquired by effort there, as it is here in this life; that there is no royal road; that progress is made in slow and discreet degrees—one step at a time; it was no wonder their efforts to control were crude and unsatisfactory. On our side, too, we were equally ignorant of the necessary conditions which the spirits required to aid them in their efforts; and we have a great deal to learn on that point yet. More generally instead of being an assistance, they were a hindrance; but gradually we are learning to open the door wide, so that our friends can visit us at will and hold communion with us; when that time comes, the millennium, so long prophesied, will be at hand.

Circles continued to be formed more or less for a few years, but being barren of favorable results in most cases, they were discontinued. The churches became alarmed and set their ban upon them, warned their congregations of the immoral tendencies of Spiritualism; that all the supposed spiritual manifestations were either frauds or of the devil; that the devils often assume the role of an angel of light in order to deceive the unwary.

From these causes Spiritualism was tabooed in polite society and delegated to the poorer classes, who have ever been the first to receive a new truth; so that the cause measurably died out for some years, to be spasmodically revived whenever a good, reliable test or physical medium like the Davenport brothers would visit the city; then the old-time excitement would show itself, to again die away until some other medium would come along; also, when some speaker would be announced to deliver a discourse on the teachings and philosophy of Spiritualism, as the Hon. Warren Chase, S. B. Brittain, or some inspirational lecturer like A. J. Davis, etc. There were very few, however, of either class in the field in those days.

To be Continued.

From the Sun Angels' Order of Light.

[Written for the Golden Gate, by Spirit Saidie, leader of the Oriental Band in the Heavens, through the mediumship of Mrs. E. S. Fox, Scribe for the Sun Angels' Order of Light.]

Dear Children of Saidie's Love and Care: Saidie brings to each the manifold blessings of the higher spheres where love and harmony dwell—the spheres of love and light, where each one must find their home ere the power of incarnation ceases to be felt. Children, truth is no less truth now than in the days of long ago, when you sought experience in the world of matter, as now. The arch of divine love and promise bends o'er you when first from the heart of Deity you sought expression in matter. Saidie has borne the sleeping spirits earthward time and again; has borne them away again when the pilgrimage is o'er, and has thus proven herself a mother who is able to exercise for those she loves more than an earth mother's care. She has watched o'er the sleeping ones, has ministered to them with an unselfish love, and when they had wakened to walk the paths of material existence, their highest good was the purpose of her heart in her silent ministrations to them—all through the ages that are a sealed book to their memory.

Saidie has been more to you all than you know of. Like the histories of the past, you, who are Saidie's very own, have forgotten that, which in the time to come, will reveal itself to you like a joyful record; will return to your inmost souls as a memory of bright, glad days in the long, long ago. It is to those unfolded, receptive ones that Saidie may speak her words and be understood. It is for those who are near home to understand the light and love flowing therefrom. It is for those who will hold sacred the truths divine that these thoughts are given.

Dear children, to whom Saidie comes as no other can, you who receive the guardian's light in all its beauty and purity, Saidie's words to you are not meaningless. There is a depth of meaning therein, that, like the soul of music, is not heard by those who care only for the rhyme and noise of meaningless song. There are melodies sung in the higher heavens, the ring of which mortal ears may not hear; there are homes whose beauty can not be told in earth language; there is also a love so deep and sacred that hearts which have never been touched by the altar fires of Deity can not comprehend.

Children, for the sake of all that is high and holy, for the sake of all you hope to be and enjoy, for the sake of your soul's highest happiness, accept the guardians as your most exalted self, the God of your own souls. Let no thought of an earthly nature enter your hearts concerning them. They are the guardians of the inner sanctuary, the holy of holies. Speak of them reverently, meet them with bowed head, and extend to them the greetings of pure hearts. Saidie and the wisdom guides have brought to you no football for your amusement; they bring no romance to be lightly valued. We leave our homes of light for a worthy purpose. Into the hands of our own loved ones we lay these truths. Accept them worthily, dear ones; they are the jewels whose value can not be told. Those who care not for the purest diamond, but are satisfied as yet with jewels of less value, have yet many returning pilgrimages to make ere the heart becomes receptive to the higher truths.

Saidie would hasten the day when love and wisdom would rule the affairs of men. It is her purpose to bring a millennium dawn to every household. The guardians come not to sow seeds of discord in homes; they come to bring a sacred influence to every hearthstone in the land. They would see homes built upon the foundation of Right and Justice; would that they be blessed with a love so deep and sacred that nought unholy should pervade the holy precincts. We would that children be the offspring of truth and purity, that every mother be a recipient of the angels' love and blessing. We would surround them with a halo of light, would whisper to their heart and brain the sweet responsibilities of sacred motherhood. Think you when Saidie gathers the sleeping spirits of those she loves in her arms to bear them away where they may find dwelling place in a mortal home, that it matters little to her what is the element of that home? Angels have turned away with shamed faces and bowed heads: have returned from their mission to mortals with sorrowful, heavy hearts.

Dear children, to whom has come the light and knowledge of this nineteenth century, be ye lights in this world of matter. To you the angels are giving much; accept it with reverent hearts. Make holy the bread of life, knowing that as you receive in purity of heart and holiness of purpose, so are the raiment your guardians wear pure and spotless, as they bear the taint of your own imperfections. Saidie brings to you her teachings: let them be given forth from pure lives, that no stain or blemish appear on the pure banner she has unfolded in earth land. Let each home banner be pure and spotless; live so near the Infinite heart that the garments each Guardian wears in the upper courts bear no spot or stain. Saidie comes to her own with glad heart and bounding feet! Well they have withstood the storm of public opinion, nobly have they upheld the banner of high heaven against all opposition.

The days to come hold much within their folds that will be of great good cheer. Saidie sees a greater light in the not far away future, and this will bring gladness to those who have borne the heat and burden of the day. Generations to come will bless the noble pioneers who so faithfully promulgate the knowledge that will prove to this earth its light, its redeeming power. True, many of the children of the Order are poor in this world's goods, but they possess the riches that will never fail them. Saidie cares for them as for the children of her heart and they shall not fail. Homes in the far away shine with brighter luster, hearts there rejoice with a deeper joy, for the light and knowledge so long has waited, and now descends to bless the land.

Trial and discouragement have not sent us back. Our mission to the world is being fulfilled, and heaven's arches ring with many a hallelujah of triumph that has never been sung before. Children, rejoice and be glad; faint not, nor falter, though rough the pathway or bitter the cup. Know that the arch of Divine Love and promise bends o'er you now, as when first from the love-atmosphere of the Father you were sent forth to wed with matter, and thereby gain an inheritance bequeathed by the giver of all good to His perfect children. Overcome all lesser good, and come triumphantly home. Peace be with you. SAIDIE.

J. B. FAYETTE, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angels Order of Light.

OSWEGO, N. Y. Oct. 27, 1889.

EFFECTS OF SMOKING.—The first impression made by the smoke of tobacco is through the blood, said a prominent physician to a reporter, and inasmuch as the whole volume of blood courses through the body in from three to five seconds, the indications of its effect are felt universally in the young smoker. After a short time, as the blood becomes charged with the poisons, the organic nervous chain and the organs it supplies are powerfully impressed. For the young the habit of smoking causes impairment of growth and physical prostration. I do not believe that it is possible that any man constantly smoke a foul pipe without being constantly a martyr to dyspepsia. Cigars, if they are good, produce dyspepsia very quickly, for in smoking them nicotine is more rapidly absorbed. Smoking destroys the appetite and enfeebles digestion. Consumption does the same, and one of the most common presages of consumption is indigestion. For these reasons I have made it a rule for years past to insist that every consumptive patient should abandon the pipe and cigar, and I have found a rigid obedience to this rule worth many a formal prescription. —*New York Star.*

The first words of a quarrel, which are generally too trifling to be remembered, are like the few sparks that fall upon the dry leaves of the forest. The angry retort is the puff of wind that blows them into a flame. Then the mischief is done, past recall.

The Great White Throne.

[By the Spirit of Henry Ward Beecher through the Mediumship of Helen Marion Walton; at the Zodiac Council, Oct. 31, 1889.]

"And I saw a Great White Throne and Him who sat thereon."

It was in the old scripture times when kings sat on thrones and souls served, but in this day of light and knowledge when souls sit on thrones and kings serve, every thing appertaining to mundane life is changed, and subjective kingdoms have given way before the intelligence of the age and the higher rule of justice and truth, and have found a foothold among men while the whole human race are lifted toward the refulgence of a glad and coming day.

Looking backward to the far away times of sacred scripture teaching, we find St. John the Evangelist beholding the Great White Throne in the heaven of his vision which was to him and awful reality, so great that his human mind could give no grander interpretation of the glory and lightness of that gathering of resplendent light, whose rolling immensity could only come to the revelator in the expression of A Great White Throne, set in the midst of his wonderful vision, whose ecstatic sight looms now and then to angels as well as mortal man.

And yet the Great White Throne has ever existed in the heaven of heavens and now unveils its vast and wonderful beauty in all its pristine glory and is traveling eastward with the might of its ve'ocity, in the magnitude of its greatness, the whiteness of its coming in the beatitude of its imperial selfnood to take its own place in the center of earth's constellation and celestial zones, to give the earth its light and mortals the warmth of its benignant advent whose glory and infinitnm of its coming is to enlighten the whole human family with the scintallation of its refulgent shining.

As everything is allegorical in the old scriptures, its text having been handed down through the ages, subject to the interpretation of the times and the intelligence of man, it is a marvel of its inspiration that they have come to your world in the enlightened period of your time as free from imperfection as they are and this prophetic vision of St. John given centuries ago is to-day unfolding its meaning to the world, hence we are, reminded that prophecies are for all time and the days of vision have no ending for the seer for he remembers that one of God's days are as a hundred years, and a hundred years as one day, and there is every reason for believing that many of the visions and, "thus saith the Lord," the prophecies and the revelations are now taking place at this particular epoch of time, this hour of the world's history were long ago written, for in the pages of your earth's immense book of time are being writ many wonderful events, long ago foretold by prophet and seer, long ago buried in the dust and ashes of forgotten memory, rejoicing now in a new resurrection.

You are not to forget the record of this, hour for these are the latter days when the prophets and seers should arise upon your time. The time when the inner soul of man should come out of its night of ignorance, superstition and the bigotry of the past, and like a celestial flame soar to meet the white light of God's eternal truth now floating near the earth in the ethereal heaven whose eternal beauty will unite the angel world and the souls of perfect human beings in one great link of everlasting brotherhood with a perfect whiteness, in the bonds of eternal worship.

While this exchange of soul is going on and man becoming more divine as he reaches upward to the nearing light, will not those who stand below, the aspiring many, become more enlightened because the means of transmission to those below whose gradation may even be to the lower hells of suffering humanity, and their darkness become so illumined by the brightness of the link connecting the Great White Throne placed forever in the shadowy land, by which erring man may climb to the higher realm of love by virtue of his spiritual birthright, thus by illumined transmission dark souls reach the eternal morning. The Great White Throne that ever stands firm and unmoved in the beatitude of its own perfect sphereship.

Dearly beloved, how many of us both spirit and mortal, sometimes hide our faces before the great throne of this pelucid, eternal truth. The whiteness doth sometimes dazzle even the angels that stand afar and many of us flee away from its transcendant glory and the intensity of its refulgence remembering how unworthy are we of the mercy and gladness that is brought into erring souls, and in this divine illumination let us forever put aside, not only the memory of the past and rising by the divinity within belonging to those striving after the truth that can only reach the higher, by letting go of error and clinging to the light in the horizon, just whitening by the break of a day so long prophesied, so long promised by him who sitteth on the Great White Throne of eternal forgiveness to every human soul.

And now friends, for whom my soul is sometimes in travail, will you take my hand and in the old friendly way I say again, "Come up higher," take a sure step onward out of yourselves, away into the vastness of never ending reality, and when loosened from my help, give your hands into God's pitiful, merciful hand, thrust out the cloud so white, so glorious; let your ears listen to the tender voice calling from the brightness of the day: "Come ye out of the wilderness into the land that I shall show thee." Friends, the celestial glory is not far off, even from your terrestial abode, and he that sitteth upon the Great White Throne and bids you go up and possess the land and eat of the golden fruit that grows therein, is no earthly potentate to change or have the shadow of changing toward his chosen ones, and your weary heads even now touch and mingle with the descending light that draws near your earth, so clear and translucent that no corner will hide an unwilling guest

As for ye, poor wanderers on earth's wilderness, travellers with weary feet in God's highway of truth, into whose keeping is committed the treasures for the future race, are ye not the teachers who bear the battle flag through many a strife and are now bidden to cast your eyes to the hilltops and looking upward shall ye behold the beatific vision of the Great White Throne in all its pristine loveliness, be not afraid that its perfect border of glory, might catch ye up into its fringe, your sad mantle falling to earth, ye go not yet for your sandals are not worn from your feet and in coming days there is still work for you to do.

Marvel then not that this vision of the eternal reality is shown you this hour, but let us rejoice together, both spirit and mortal, that we are unvited in one vast work that goes on day after day, and when night unto night uttereth knowledge let us sing a new anthem together, so glad with love, so wrought with holiness that it may reach the circumference of heaven and earth finding its reports of harmony in other planets and other spheres of celestial circumference, making glad response in the hearts of the universe of man and angel and the solemn rythm of its melody join the heavenly hosts who continually cry, "Glory and honor be to him who sitteth on the throne of his might," whose overshading is to all flesh, while the great events that are happening on your earthsphere gives warning that the old is becoming the new; that the invisible and the eternal has come among God's people; that the so-called dead are alive again; that the time is near, dearly beloved, when the long promise that, "The Tabernacle of God shall dwell with man," shall be a verity, not a promise, and that men come up higher and find the Great White Thone, before which all flesh shall say, "Amen."

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

The Home Where Love is King.

BY ELIZA LAMB MARTYN.

The home where Love is king is an enchanted spot, a fragment of heaven dropped down to earth, whose radiant beauty is not dependent upon any outward furnishing. Whether sun or storm is without it matters not; within, a warm, soft rosy light is ever shining.

The desire for this peaceful possession, and the endeavor to obtain it, reveals the stamp of the Divine upon the soul of man. Oh, how satisfying is life when Love sits upon the throne! His magic wand transforms the cottage into a castle whose ivy-clad towers catch the gems that float upon the wings of the dewy dawn, and scatter them in lavish profusion over the sunny heads of little children.

How lovingly the smiling sky bends over this home, how tenderly the prefumed breezes fan the fevered cheek of care, how the delicately tinted flowers and the deliciously fruited trees bedecked with graceful vines, rest the eyes weary with wandering through long columns of profits and losses, how the melodious songs of the birds ravish the ears that ache with the discordant sounds of everyday life.

He who stands at the head of this perfect home is Love's vicegerent, and if his robes are fashioned from the coarsest material they are royal robes, for he wears upon his breast the insignia of his high office, within whose glittering crescent shines that priceless gem, the love of a true womanly heart; and if the dimpled arms of happy little children are about his neck, he is rich indeed and his life is the grandest success.

I would rather be the happy consort in such ahome although myhumble abode was but a simple cottage, over whose windows the morningglory might wander with perfect freedom, opening its pink and snowy heart to the dewy kisses of the dawn, where the gol den sunlight creeps through the leaves and flowers to caress the baby in the cradle. I would rather be the happy mistress and servant combined in that heaven appointed home, than to reign in royal splendor in the most gorgeous palace human ingenuity has ever erected, if Love had not directed its construction.

The home where Love is king, is the largest heaven we are capable of enjoying. It is the only heaven we can appropriate. It is the path and the way through which we must journey if we ever expect a higher heaven or a more exalted state of bliss.

FITCHBURG, MASS.

Miss Jessie A. Fowler on "Heredity."

Phrenological Magazine February, 1889.

Let me tell you of one strong proof of hereditary bias and influence. The fact was told by a minister who once stayed at the house of a lady, at that time acting as secretary of one of our southern temperance societies. She was a lady of unusual refinement and culture, and of unusual delicacy of nature. At the time he saw her, her mind was healthful, her imagination vivid, and life seemed to be fairly bright to her. She was the mother of five children, three of whom, the second and the two youngest, were in marked contrast to herself. They were dull, unimaginative and peevish, their expression sour, fretful and languid. They were children in whom no mother could take a parent's pride, however much she might love them. The first and third were bright and happy, full-eyed and attractive, and their expression gay, their disposition buoyant and their imagination keen. He wondered what made the difference. He felt that there was a life history behind. In his evening address he had alluded to the hereditary effects of alcohol and to the blight it had cast upon many of the young, not only tainting them in the initial moment of their lives, but overshadowing them through their prenatal days. After the lecture, seizing a moment when they were alone, his hostess remarked that a portion of his address had come home to her very pointedly. "In my own children," she said, "you have a living proof of the truth of your words. Up to the birth of my eldest child my husband was manly, sober and affectionate, and the child given to us was bright, cheery and capable. Then he sank into intemperance, neglected his home and me; indeed, he became very unkind and violent. After long nights of weary struggle, of nightly apprehension and daily bitterness, our second child was born, dull, weary and peevish. Then came a period of reform and renewed affection, renewed hope. For some time, possibly a year before my third child was born, my husband was a sober man. The child was like the first—bright, helpful, gifted. Then the shadow returned My husband fell again, and the last two were born in years of misery and pain." No wonder they are what they are. No wonder, indeed, when the mother's nature was constantly disturbed, agitated and beclouded. What heart could hope, what eye could kindle with joy, what intellectual brightness could come from such surroundings.

Wasted Lives.

Dr. Dean Clark generally speaks to some purpose. He did so especially in a recent lecture in Santa Cruz, on the subject of "Wasted Lives and Lost Opportunities." We copy from the *Sentinel's* report:

The human body is a very important means and instrument for the use and development of man's spiritual nature, and all who transgress the laws of its healthful development sin against the soul within.

Millions waste their vital energies and pollute body and spirit by gluttony, intemperance and sensual debauchery. Every intemperate man and debauchee wastes a valuable life and golden opportunities for far higher enjoyment, and brings inevitable misery upon himself, both here and hereafter, for in the next life we reap what we sow in this, and there is *no* escape! Whatever defiles the body not only deranges the action of the mind while connected with it, but as the spiritual body is made up of the most sublimated essences of material form, that also is contaminated and weakened by it. Hence the decarnated spirit carries the conditions of harmony or happiness or of unhappiness with it as the sequences of right or wrong living here, and it takes as long or longer to bring about regeneration of soul and spiritual body in the spirit world as it does for reformation here. Moreover, life here and in spirit spheres is like a graded school. Earth life is the primary department, and every mind must gain a certain amount of growth from earthly experience, and can not leave til it does. Hence all who waste or lose the opportunities of this life while in mortal form, are held as "earth-bound" spirits and compelled to learn life's lessons here and under much greater difficulties before they can go higher. This is a fact of vast importance, and it is in strict accord with the universal law of evolution, physical and spiritual.

Millions too are wasting their earthly lives and opportunities in the service of Mammon, a slavery more debasing than any physical servitude. Greed for money is the most universal curse of civilized man. Justly did St. Paul call the lust for money "the root of all evil." Thousands of commuicators from the spirit world confirm what Jesus said about the difficulty of the rich in entering the Kingdom of Heaven. Earthly riches so materialize the spirit, as not only dwarf it here and for a long time hereafter, but in the proof of the saying of Jesus: "Where the treasure is there the heart is also." Earthly treasures are a magnet, so to speak, that hold the money worshiper down to earthly bondage a long time after death. The moral of the parable of Dives and Lazarus is seen in the sorrowful spiritual experience of thousands who developed acquisitiveness and selfishness principally while on earth.

Man should live so as to develop all his powers and faculties harmoniously, and not to be a slave to any "ruling passion" or habit. The body should be wholly the servant of the mind, and all its appetites should be governed by the enlightened reason, and the moral and spiritual nature should dominate both.

The speaker closed his discourse by a thrilling appeal for more righteous living, for higher aspirations and nobler aim of life, which he said were always a blessing and never a curse unless by perversion and abuse man makes it so.

Hasheesh.

If ever you should desire to gain
  A glimpse of the primal regions where
  The vital tissues o' the heart lie bare,
The intricate coils of Life are plain;
  If you have strength enough to dare
The apocalypse which turns the brain
  With too much peering of mortal eyes
  Into the immortalities;
And—stabbed with splendors that hurt like pain—
Wake from the gorgeous dream at last
  Dogged by phantoms which cleave and cling
  Closer than any living thing;
Haunting your future with their past,
  Liming you in a charmed ring,
  Cutting you with a wizard wing
  Out from the darkness, till you die—
  Eat of the hasheesh, as did I.

It was not the drug of the Orient,
  With which the poet simulates
A warmth in his veins when the fires are spent,
  A flight in the blue when the bitter weights
Of the world have broken his wings; it was
More beautiful, awful, terrible!
Clothed on with fantasies which surpass
  Whatever is known of heaven or hell,
  When, under the touch of the other spell,
  Back the mystical curtains roll,
  And up, unscreened, to the seeing soul,
  Past and present and future rise,
  Bearing their secrets in their eyes.

She could not help that she distilled
  A blessed aroma all around;
She could not help it that she filled
  My arid silence with cooing sound;
She could not help that her sweet face
  Was as a reverential hymn;
She could not help that round her place
  Lingered the Lord God's cherubim.

Was it so strange that, brooding thus,
  Over her saintly humanhood,
Deliriums multitudinous
  Wrought in my pulses and my blood?
That I dreamed dear dreams of a wedded wife?
  That some one walked in my sleep by my side?
That I stood in a tremulous hush of life,
  Content to stand so until I died?
Oh, the clear beneficent days!
  Oh, the calm and reverent nights!
Oh, the mornings of perfect praise!
  Oh, the evenings of pure delights!
Oh, the whispers in which we talk!
  Oh, arch replies of merry lips!
Oh, the trances wherein we walked!
  And the beautiful fellowships!
Spirit with spirit so ingrooved,
  Sympathies so divinely blent.

My blessing watched the flowers she loved;
  She made my poverty opulent.
The well-pleased angels smiling on
  That most ineffable unison!

. . . .

No trance is life-long; all dreams flee—
  I am awake now; something cut
The path of the currents lifting me,
  And close the inscrutable blankness shut
Down on my mount Delectable;
  Down on my fields Elysian;
Down on my Palace Beautiful!
  Over the Universe something ran
Which trod the gold and the amethyst
  Out from the mornings and the eyes;
  Something withered the grass and leaves;
Out from the vastness something hissed;
  And something within me moans and grieves,
Like a lost soul's wail for something missed.

—RICHARD REALF.

The Universal Plan.

Oh, may we gain that lofty eminence
That overlooks the broad highway wherein
All creatures move in harmony toward God!
Observe the perfect working of that plan,—
God's perfect plan, as rythmical as grand,—
That out of evil embryonic good
Evolves, through changeless law, complete, divine,
Man's dual nature, high and low combined,
The higher struggling for supremacy,
Absorbing, conquering baser attributes,
That silently recede and are dissolved,
As night's dark shade that, changing, melts away
When touched by subtle morning's magic wand,
Bursts forth in blushing skies and golden beams.

The pathway lies through death, not of the form,
Not the material garb of dust and clay,
But of the crude and undeveloped traits
That clog the soul's unfolding and its growth;
While from these attributes, absorbed and changed
Through economic, grand, and wondrous laws,
The spirit's mystic garment's warp and woof
Unfolds, and, blending every tint and shade
Harmoniously, the beauteous fabric forms.

To reach that height is peace.
To feel our kinship with all forms of life,
To greet all men as brothers, parts of the
Great whole. The unit God: the universe
THE God, and God the universe.

There to abide is life,
Full-fledged and strong, above contentious thought
That sharpens Envy's slim envenomed tongue,
Bespeaking littleness, horizons small,
Distorted views of life, of man, of God.

There to remain is gain;
For love, true charity, with well-filled arms,
Doth dwell upon this heavenly plane.

How vain all strivings are,
With sordid, selfish ends and lesser aims!
How grand experience, though 'tis winged with woe,
That bears us upward to that brighter realm,—
That elevation with its rarer air,
Where sunlight gleams above the fogs of sense
And thick miasma of the vale below!

There find we heaven,
Where God doth dominate and harmonize,
The good develops and the ill transforms:
The lower natures change by steady growth
When touched by power divine through contact close
With the First Cause,—unfolds a human soul.
O man, developed, noble, godlike, grand!
Mount up the stairway of infinity,
Fair offspring of the Deity. Thou art
Coeval with eternity and God.

—ELIZA LAMB MARTYN, in "Christian Register."

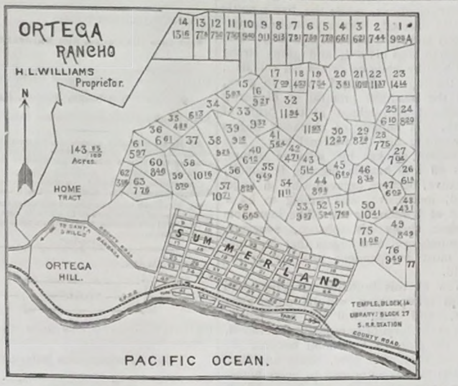
Equality.

The glories of our birth and state
  Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate;
  Death lays his icy hand on kings;
    Sceptre and crown
    Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
  And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
  They tame but one another still;
    Early or late
    They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, pale captives! creep to death.

The garland withers on your brow;
  Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar now
  See where the victor victim bleeds!
    All heads must come
    To the cold tomb.
Only the actions of the just
  Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

—JAMES SHIRLEY.



Intoxication, Its Remedy, etc.

Continued from Third Page.

development he may desire, regardless of precious affiliations. Energy belongs to the Omnipotent standard of divine Truth whose bare foundation is the earth, but who reaches her arms into the sky and calls the stars to form her glowing crown. Energy like the roots of a tree, draws away from the mineral rocks and the great beds of oar, from plats of gypsum, marl and asphalt, from mica, salt and saltpeter, from placid waters and roaring torrents, and springs from them into the air, and into the productions of the earth, and through them to man where it is rolled along to reason. The magnetic principle of the earth springs to grain, but in the springing, air and water are drawn in and locked. This is the first remove of metalic energy toward reason which culminates in man. The great rocks have instinct. The loadstone singles without a flaw, and without a thought of delay. But the loadstone belongs to the magnetic power that culminates in woman. All alkalies build corpor and increase the weight of the body, while acids draw alkalies into mental energy and build brain power whose character is defined by the quality of acid used; that which is harmonious with the gastric juice, lending to that juice peaceful support, and drawing from the crude energy of food, sweet thoughts, vivacity and wise judgment; and by its aid depriving food of its power to harm by over-loading, or by being too rich in sweets and oils to be readily digested by that native to the stomach. Food is digested when an acid has divided its properties and freed the spirit principles contained in it, so the lymph from the gall may appropriate and distribute this to the arterial, this to the venous blood through the negative and positive lungs, and that quality to the magnetic circulation. The force that goes to the negative lung, builds bone and cartilege sinew, and that which goes into the right or positive lung, builds corpor, skin and hair; and into the magnetic circulation as independent of heart and lung action, goes the magnetism of the great earth, separate from its productions, and may be imbibed from individuals as well as from the mountain air and the great loadstone rocks; or may be jarred off by a fall or a sudden shock, just as a magnet may yield its power. The magnetic circulation is the backbone of lung and heart action, and may be carried on without the assistance of either as in a trance condition simulating death where only vibratory motion flutters in the bare brain.

Concluded next week.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

A Temple Seance.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

A seance for spirit materialization was held on Wednesday evening, the 13th, instant in the lower hall of the new temple on Newbury street. Mrs. C. B. Bliss was the medium. W. S. Ayer the president of the Temple society intended to have a large gathering, as he has had many times before, but as it was, there was a very fair attendance, about a hundred persons, although the weather was stormy, raining quite hard; those who came were not sorry, for the manifestations were excellent and very convincing, and no possibility of fraud and no taint of "commercial Spiritualism" about it for the admission was free, and that is a feature in this temple movement, there are no charges to the public, and no entrance fees at any of the meetings, or seances, all owing to the generosity of the president, who pays all the bills both in building and equipping the temple, providing speakers, music and mediums, except the trifle contributed voluntarily by other generous attendants. The more I see of these large gatherings at these seances, for this phase the better I like them. Of course a private seance with a selected few is the most satisfactory; the promiscuous gatherings of twenty or thirty, more or less, at a dollar admission, do not give the best conditions, nor does one often get his money's worth, at least after one or two attendances, and yet the receipts barely support the medium even when well patronized. A large gathering of 100 or 200 or more, at a small fee pays the medium as well and can generally be so arranged as to prevent raiding, or the necessity of it, and I am inclined to think that will become more and more the method.

The seance by Mrs. Bliss, of which I am speaking, as I said, was a free one and by the invitation of Mr. Ayers; it was a remarkably good seance and gave great satisfaction. Some 25 or 30 forms appeared and were recognized by those for whom they appeared and the recognitions appeared to be actual and natural; that they were materialized spirits was evident to all, under the circumstances, and the assurances of Mr. Ayers who is so evidently entitled to confidence. The only spirit form, except some cabinet spirits, that was known to the audience generally, was that of our late brother Allen Putnam, who was recognized by Mr. Ayers on the platform and who was close to him. Dr. F. L. H. Willis, the present lecturer at the temple, and the writer of this article, were called up by the well known spirit, and whose hands were shaken in true human style, and there was no mistaking the fact of a materialized form, and also that it was a spirit manifestation, and to us it did look like Allen Putnam. Mrs. Dyar Clough appeared also; she was when in the form very much interested in this temple movement, and seems to be now, but in this short article I do not purpose to describe the forms in detail, nor at this day are such descriptions necessary.

Mr. Ayer made some interesting remarks for about a half an hour before the seance began, he was very fair, and was so evidently honest, that no one would suspect him of collusion with the medium, and if there were not collusion, it was absolutely perfect; and he has been so liberal and large hearted in providing this temple for spiritual uses, at a cost of over $200,000 which proves the sincerity of his convictions, for mark you, good readers, he has put his hands thus deeply into his pocket by the advice of materialized spirits in his own house, under his own conditions, and when such a man makes a statement, it commands belief, and he is believed, and is a successful business man and backs up his belief with his own fortune as few people have done as yet.

On this occasion if one or more of the audience had been strangers, and some were, who knew nothing of these circumstances relating to Mr. Ayres, he could use his own eyes. I know he was not being cheated, for the cabinet stood on the platform that was intact; one could walk all around it, and be sure of that. There was a door on the right side of the platform leading into the hall, which was locked; he offered any one the key to keep. It was so manifestly honest and everyone knew it, that the key was allowed to remain in the locked door on the inside so it could not be opened.

During Mr. Ayres' remarks preliminary to the manifestations he interested the audience by giving some of his experiences and also his reasons for giving this and other occasional circles, for people seeking truth, to see the various phases. Besides speaking he appreciated the sensuous manifestations which had converted him to Spiritualism, and to convince others during the past two or three years he has given people the opportunity of witnessing rapping, slate-writing, materializations and other phases. He particularly spoke then of Mrs. Bliss and her mediumship and his experience with her, somewhat in detail in his own house, where with a curtain hung in the corner of his parlor, forms that he knew and loved in life materialized. So interestingly wonderful were his experiences and his strong endorsement of Mrs. Bliss as a genuine medium, having had hundreds of opportunities with her in his own house, and I think he said has had fully 2,000 experiences of this phase of the manifestations. The testimony of such a practical, successful business man who has asserted himself so largely from his capital is a *rare-avis* and carries a great weight, making a hundred ordinary gabblers kick the beam, while he, weighed in the balance of common sense, is not found wanting. How insignificant do the Curtises and other "*know it all's and know it all fraud,*" who criticise my ability to observe phenomena, appear by the side of his testimony. Well, who cares, when M. S. Ayres is on his side and thus endorses this writer's "ability to observe phenomena" and the utter inability of the raiders to observe phenomena, fairly believing the whole phase to be fraud and nothing else. The "know it alls" or "know nothings" forget the axiom that the door of the temple of spiritual truth can never be forced open by the hand of violence and that there is a relation existing between external phenomena and internal individual unfoldment.

BOSTON, Nov. 16, 1889.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

To those who may be disposed to contribute by will to the spread of the gospel of Spiritualism through the GOLDEN GATE, the following form of bequest is suggested:

"I give and bequeath to the GOLDEN GATE Printing and Publishing Company, of San Francisco, incorporated November 28, 1885, in trust, for the uses and dissemination of the cause of Spiritualism, —— dollars."